

DO YOUR BIT FOR THE GRAVES ENDOWMENT FUND

See page 6

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MARCH 16, 1923

Vol. 5, No. 11

# The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly

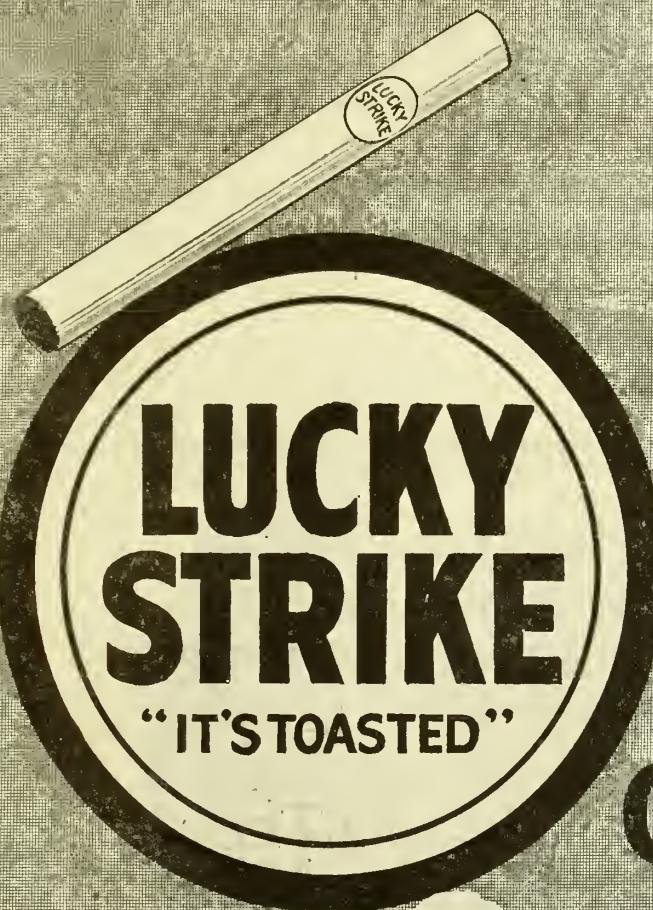
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MAKERS OF AMERICA

I. THE INDIAN





# Cigarette

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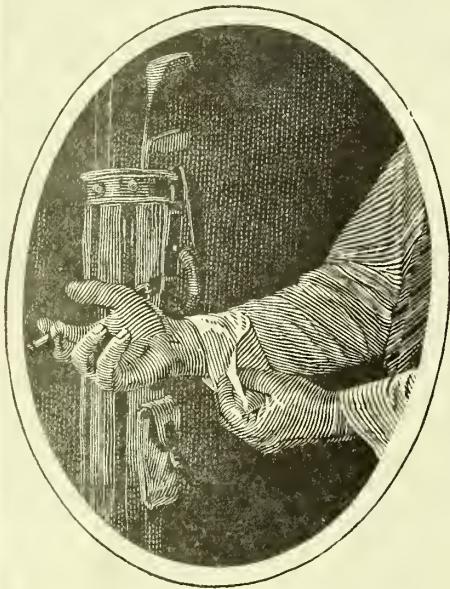


## SKY WRITING!

Have you seen it? An airplane writing Lucky Strike on the sky—two words  $6\frac{1}{2}$  miles long—each letter a mile high. The advertising sensation of 1923.



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The American Tobacco Co.  
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BELTS  
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NIGHTSHIRTS  
HANDKERCHIEFS

GARTERS  
MUFFLERS  
SUSPENDERS  
KNIT GLOVES

WILSON BRO'S, CHICAGO

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# The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly

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MARCH 16, 1923

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*Wide World*

Benito Mussolini,  
World War corporal and present  
prime minister of Italy,  
photographed with

his staff in the  
streets of Rome.  
Note the black  
shirts, the official  
Fascist uniform

## This Fascisti Business

**A** GREAT electric star blazes forth in broad daylight over the main piazza of an Italian city. The electric lighting may very likely fail this evening, but that is no reason why lights should not burn today. For the Fascisti have willed that there shall be festival, and this is a day of Fascisti triumph.

Up the narrow Corso comes a blare of brass music. The air is "Giovinezza" — "Youth" — the Fascisti marching-song. It is as well known in Italy as "Madelon" was in France five years ago. It has a catchy, music-hall lilt.

Youth! Youth!  
Springtime of beauty!

Those are the words. They are a

By Thomas Ryan

little incomprehensible if, as Italians say, this was the song of the Arditi, the shock-troops of the Italian army. There are many Arditi among the Fascisti.

Black banners come into view.

"The gagliardi!" murmur the people along the sidewalks, and they make ready to lift their hats. It is wiser to do so. It is wise, too, to pause and smile dutifully at the skulls embroidered on the black flags. It is better still to raise a little cheer.

The column swings past, in good order. The men are coatless, and they wear black shirts, army-green breeches and tin hats. Their hair is long, after

the style of Garibaldi. In their hands are loaded clubs and in their pockets revolvers. The police see the revolvers but say nothing.

If there are enough people to watch, the column breaks into a double-quick. And so it makes its way to the workmen's quarters.

The next day—but not from the papers—the café crowds learn that workmen were beaten, a co-operative store looted and a mutual aid premises burned.

It is taken for granted that certain scared persons were dragged to the Black Shirt headquarters. As they approached, they saw over the door the shield with the fasces—the bundle of axes and rods which symbolized the old Roman power to punish. The

scared ones were still more scared, for to them the fasces have all the dread significance that the Lion's Head once had for the victims of the Venetian Ten.

Inside the building an army field-kitchen was smoking. Men were carrying in great sides of beef. Messengers darted past, bound for distant towns where comrades were on active service.

And here, in an inner room, knives were produced; the scared ones were prodded, and the alternative was set before them—three-quarters of a pint of castor oil, with a chaser of tepid water. They took it, and hurried away.

These are daily incidents in the life of every Italian town.

What are these Fascisti? Are they an Italian version of The American Legion or are they a Ku Klux Klan strong enough to come into the open? Their friends put it one way, their enemies the other.

The story should begin with the Armistice, and it calls to the mind of a reporter a series of pictures—dramatic, tragic, and ridiculous.

In what seems now the dim past—nearly four years ago—a city on the Adriatic sweltered under the blue heat of summer. In its streets were Allied troops, mostly Italian, and in its port were Allied warships, including one of our own destroyers. Loafing along the quays, whispering in cafés, was as disreputable a rabble as ever disgraced a seaport. The town was Fiume.

The rabble was largely imported from Italy, though it numbered some local hotheads. Every evening it held demonstrations, which, considering the heat, was imprudent. Every few days it was addressed by impassioned orators who quoted D'Annunzio's poems and coined such phrases as "Fiume or Death!" "Down with American Capitalism!" Among these orators was one who was known to us only as a newspaper editor, and whose paper frequently damned America, Britain and France for not giving Fiume to Italy.

He was Benito Mussolini, now the Italian premier.

It is doubtful if those orators meant all that they said. It was a very hot summer, and their purpose was obviously to create "incidents" in Fiume which might serve as arguments in Paris. They overshot their mark. French blood flowed in the streets of Fiume.

The rabble, which called itself Giovani Italiani, handed on its torch to the poet D'Annunzio, who in turn delivered it to the Fascisti. They held it up to new problems, but they have never ceased to focus it periodically on Fiume, Dalmatia and other lands which Italy covets.

The spirit which animates the Fascisti is not a new thing. It was the spirit of the Italian army in 1919, when it played for the east coast of the Adriatic and prepared for war with Jugoslavia. To grasp the continuity of the

movement, you must see it through the eyes of a Fiuman. He makes no distinction between the old rabble, the Italian military, the opera-bouffe D'Annunzio and his present masters, the Fascisti. They all picked on the Fiuman. Men kicked and clubbed in the streets, police looking on with a smile, the election at the point of the bayonet—these things the Fiuman associates with all the Italian régimes.

And when he sees a Fascista salut-

began to oppose the extreme nationalists. Not that the workmen cared about the ruin of Fiume, which Italian occupation had caused. Not that they shed any tears over Jugoslavs in Dalmatia deported in the dead of the night, or houses raided or women clubbed. They picked out the best grievance at hand.

When the Communists virtually ruled over Italy in 1920 and 1921, they set up a detestable tyranny. Railways

could not carry troops. Officers were forbidden to wear arms, and men with war medals were spat on and beaten. The national flag was never seen. Tenants seized the estates, workmen the factories, and produced only what they pleased. In grappling with the Communist frenzy the Fascisti passed through an heroic stage.

A few Italians had never abandoned the dream of a Greater Italy, an empire which would embrace all outposts of the Italian race. Malta should be annexed from Great Britain; Nice, Savoy and Corsica might be taken from France some day, and Dalmatia from Jugoslavia. They didn't stop there. An Italian doge had once set his banner on Constantinople. There are plenty of Italians in Egypt. Djibouti, a French port in East Africa, would be useful to the Italian colony of Eritrea. And within easy distance of Sicily is the French protectorate of Tunisia, where Italians have migrated.

These Greater Italians patriotically mourned for the present state of their country. They realized that the slogan: "Mother Italy! Restore her at home and abroad!" would rally the decent citizens to their standard. These men were the same who had made Fiume a hell-on-earth and an unhealthy spot for Americans; but now they launched themselves on a nobler task—protecting their own firesides.

There have been, in the Fascista war, deeds of great sacrifice, lit by the Latin's sense of drama.

At roll call, when the names of the dead were pronounced, the whole unit answered: "Here!" It took an Italian to think of that delicate token of loyalty to the dead. There is a legion called "the Most Desperate" which had embroidered on all its uniforms—and even on its hospital dressings—"I don't give a damn!" And fifteen thousand Fascisti of Piacenza have foresworn all jewels and other ornaments, which they have sold for the benefit of their country.

Such men take literally the dictum of D'Annunzio: "Other races are of human origin. The Italian is of divine."

What a power they are in the land may be judged by the fact that they exchange salutes with the army and navy. Their officers have the power to force their obedience and to punish "by acts of violence."

Don't let the Ku Klux call themselves Fascisti. Italy's problems were almost

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## IN THE ISSUE of MARCH 23d

THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY will begin publication of a new series of articles by Marquis James as a sequel to "Who Got the Money?" (September 8-October 13, 1922). The new series will be called

### *The PROFITEER HUNT*

and will present, as did the earlier series, full data on financial transactions during the war which are being made or, judging by the evidence, should be made the subject of government attention. The first article, "The Quest Begins and the Trail Grows Hot," will tell what has happened since the publication in the Weekly of the earlier series and since the adoption by the New Orleans convention of the Legion of a resolution calling for "efficient action toward the prosecution of those who took advantage of the necessities of the Government to loot the public treasury" and of a second resolution urging a universal service law to apply in time of war to labor, industry and man-power alike.

"The Profiteer Hunt" will seek to keep the spotlight focused on activities already under way to secure (and to thwart) justice for the war profiteer. The series will present nothing that is not supported by incontrovertible evidence, most of which evidence has never before been publicly disclosed.

With the first article will appear a letter from President Harding commenting on the profiteer question and endorsing the Legion's position on the universal draft.

# Selecting a War Memorial

## A Sculptor Who Is Also a Veteran Gives His Opinions

By Robert Aitken

Member of the National Academy and the Royal Academy. Formerly Captain, Machine Gun Company, 306th Infantry

World War memorial, Exeter, New Hampshire, Daniel Chester French, sculptor (left)

Civil War memorial, Somerville, Massachusetts, Augustus Lukeman, sculptor (right)

Detail, World War memorial, Pottstown, Pennsylvania, A. A. Weinman, sculptor (below)



**S**AY it in bronze—or, as the advertisements read, record it in imperishable bronze. That is a large order.

Few men upon whom the obligation of erecting a war memorial has been placed have ever had experience with monumental or memorial expression. The consequence of their efforts in too many instances seems to indicate that the only imperishable features are the stone and metal. The memorials they have erected are doomed to a short life because of the absence of that which we call art.

A great deal of advice has been offered by bodies and individuals qualified to guide, but it does not seem to have reached those who need it most. The National Commission of Fine Arts, an organization having Federal sponsorship, has printed a pamphlet of suggestions as to the forms of memorials and the methods of obtaining designers. The Municipal Art Society of New York has published a bulletin on war memorials which contains many valuable suggestions. The American Federation of Fine Arts has appointed a committee which can be consulted on the choice among various forms of memorials, and on the method of selecting a designer and bringing the work to a satisfactory conclusion. This com-

mittee is composed of men of national reputation for achievement in their respective lines, and all are closely related to, if not actually practicing, the fine arts. The National Sculpture Society will at any time appoint a committee of distinguished sculptors and architects to assist any person in the effort toward the expression of ideas in suitable monumental terms.

Yet with all this professional assistance so near at hand, and for the asking, why is it that so much bad memorial art has come into existence since Armistice Day? Is advice so hard to take?

I believe that the men who were in service have a grave responsibility thrust upon them when they are called to serve on a memorial committee. Their opinion is valued highly because these memorials are dedicated either to their gallant exploits or to the memory of the comrades who never returned. It is in the power of Legionnaires to make or mar.

The first and most important action that the individual or committee should take is to see an advisor—an artist of unquestioned ability, a specialist. Steer clear of the manufacturer and the shop

where memorials are turned out on the same basis that Mr. Ford applies to the manufacture of his cars—according to a stock pattern. Fine art cannot be manufactured; it is the creation of the artist alone.

The (almost) convincing advertisements of the monument factories read: "In spite of weather and the passing years, this memorial will endure for centuries, for it is made of solid bronze, the imperishable metal."

In one sense bronze is imperishable, but so, to a degree, is a bar of pig iron.

But for the purpose of a memorial something is needed that is more precious than metal. The manufacturer cannot guarantee that this alloy will contain the right proportion of that most important of all ingredients—beauty—without which bronze is not truly imperishable.

Again we read in the advertisements of the jobbers: "We are in a position to deliver completed memorials within two weeks after receipt of final instructions."

A claim of this pretension is full proof that their monument contains only copper, tin and zinc. Beauty could not possibly be included in such haste, for its main property is study, study, study of the individual piece, the harmony of

all its details. With contract in hand, ready to be closed, the agent of the standardized memorial factory will approach your committee with an offer to take over full responsibility up to the hour of unveiling, relieving you of all further worry. He will offer inscriptions at so much a letter from a stock of different sized alphabets. These will be stuck on a standardized slab along with the typical American eagle or the shield of the United States, also in stock. A little metal will be poured into the mould made over these stock patterns—and there you are. You can depend upon it that the memorial will be ready for the ceremony in two weeks; but whether it will be worthy of your dead comrades is another matter—another matter entirely.

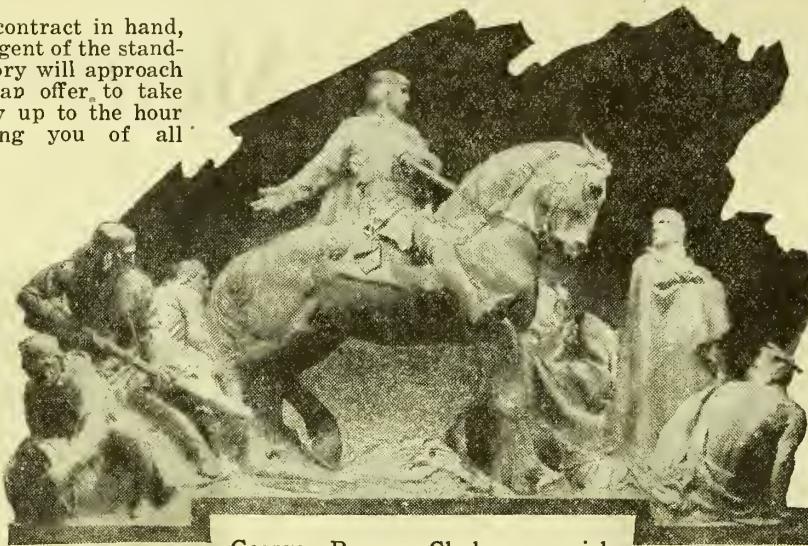
The representative of the granite firm will have presented himself about the same time. He will be ready to pile stone on stone to fit the price. Perhaps he will even be willing to throw in the foundation for good measure.

Don't be a member of that kind of committee, which, in order to display its labors on a certain date—Armistice Day, Decoration Day or the Fourth of July—lets its contract to the monument jobber.

Don't be a party to the act which causes a boulder to be rolled into the public park, square or street, or in front of some public building, upon which a slab of bronze is stuck, with the mistaken belief that a work of fine art has thus been created. A boulder may make a good exhibit in a museum of natural history, but it never would be acceptable in an art museum.

Why? You know the answer.

We must face the fact that it is only the skilled hand and the trained mind and eye of the artist that can give the rough stone that something which



George Rogers Clark memorial, University of Virginia, Charlottesville, Virginia. Awarded Watrous gold medal by National Academy of Design. Robert Aitken, sculptor

causes it to be admired and cherished. Unshaped stone and imperishable bronze, so-called, will not live to tell posterity of the days of 1917-1918. If it does survive it will be only a curio. Shall our memory be engraved on a monstrosity or on a thing of beauty?

There is another obligation we owe to those who have gone, to ourselves and to those who will come after us. While we seek largely to commemorate the sacrifice or the historical event, we should also remember that we are creating a chapter in the history of American art. If it is to be a creditable chapter then we must call in those men most qualified to advise and execute that which shall be a true index of our sentiment and the deeds of our time.

**A DISTINGUISHED Frenchman,** during a visit to the United States, was taken on a personally conducted tour of the battlefields of the Civil

War. He was shown the numerous war memorials, the granite infantrymen at parade rest, the little pyramids of cannon balls. After he had seen these things repeated time after time, in place after place, he observed:

"Ah, now I understand what is meant by the horrors of war."

This story is told these days in various ways as a warning to us. Usually it brings a laugh. Think what that means! There should be no laugh in a war memorial.

One does not laugh when listening to "The Star Spangled Banner," or to the "Marseillaise," or to Beethoven's "Funeral March to a Hero," or when gazing at the American flag. In just such a way does a war memorial properly designed inspire that mood of seriousness in which the mind awakens to the consciousness of the price paid in human life and suffering, and the debt we owe for all time to those who paid it.

If you have travelled widely about your country, and have paid some attention to its war memorials, you have been impressed, it is likely, as was the Frenchman, by the similarity of design. Inquire for the war memorial in almost any village and you will be shown a statue of a soldier at parade rest. No matter where, east or west, you'll find the same figure, same overcoat, same rifle, same position.

Now the explanation of this deadly monotonous, meaningless repetition of design is two-fold: Poor taste on the part of the committee of selection, and the prevalence of the monument jobber.

All too often in the past the committee of selection has been the board of

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## Your Comrades Who Are Still Over There

**T**HIRTY-TWO THOUSAND American veterans of the World War will always remain in Europe. Their bodies lie in cemeteries in France, England, Scotland, Ireland and Spain. The cemeteries are the responsibility of the United States. But the responsibility of remembering the individuals who rest in the cemeteries has been accepted by The American Legion.

The Legion has pledged itself to raise \$100,000, which will complete The American Legion Overseas Graves Endowment Fund. This fund will suffice to decorate every overseas grave on every Memorial Day for all time to come. The fund will be the Legion's permanent tribute to its comrades.

Have you paid your share of the fund? Has your post paid its share? Was your post named for one of the men whose body still rests on foreign soil? Perhaps, then, your post would like to make a special contribution to the fund—

a contribution especially dedicated to the man whose name your post bears. Every contribution of one dollar or more will be acknowledged in The American Legion Weekly.

If all Legionnaires and all members of the Auxiliary give an average of at least fifteen cents, the fund will be successful.

Five years ago it was part of our tradition of generosity that a soldier gave of what he had to any soldier who needed it. Today let us give with our old-time whole-heartedness to keep the graves abroad covered with the flag and with flowers on each Memorial Day. Send your personal contribution, or your post's contribution, to the National Treasurer, The American Legion, Indianapolis, Indiana.

For more complete details of the Graves Endowment Fund, see the Weekly for March 9th. Contributions will be listed in these columns as soon as possible after they have been sent in to the National Treasurer.



# It's Nearly Time to Plant the Legion Flower

By Walter Prichard Eaton

**T**HE AMERICAN LEGION has adopted the poppy as its flower, and nobody can be in any doubt of the reason. The men who went overseas saw the red poppies of France and Flanders flowering everywhere, in neglected fields, between abandoned trenches, sometimes even in No Man's Land. Not only was this poppy tragically symbolic, with its scarlet color, as it grew by the battle-fields, but it was brave, too, and beautiful, opening its silken, delicate petals to the rising sun when nothing else could flower there. It is no wonder the Legion, after choosing another flower, has swung back finally to its first choice, the poppy.

The particular variety of poppy which grew in Flanders fields, and the one meant by the Legion flower, is the so-called European corn poppy: *papaver rhoes* is its botanical name. It is not the poppy from which opium is secured, but poppy seeds are much esteemed in many European countries, sprinkled on bread or cake, and this variety supplies those seeds in numerous regions, though the seeds of the opium poppy are also used. It is an ancient wild flower, probably originating somewhere in the Mediterranean region, and in comparatively recent years has been used by horticulturists to develop a race of very lovely garden poppies of various colors, known as Shirley poppies. If you cannot get any seed of the corn poppy, plant red Shirley poppies, to be found in any seed catalogue, and you will have something fairly close to the Legion flower. The corn poppy is an annual, which in France and Flanders seeds itself, apparently, very prolifically. It is a single flower, deep scarlet in color, and the blooms keep better than most poppies when cut, if you dip the ends of the stems immediately into very hot water. It blooms prolifically, too.

Before I say anything about the methods of growing poppies, and the various kinds to plant with the Legion flower, I ought to state that a good many people have expressed some doubt about the advisability of importing this seed. Since, they say, the corn poppy grows so prolifically in France, overrunning whole fields, will it not do the same thing here? Will it not become a weed, and the Legion get itself disliked by all the farmers?

I don't think this need worry anybody. In the first place, it must be remembered that in France the cultivated fields were in prime condition for seed when the war hit them, and the poppies got a fine start, without anybody thereafter to cultivate them out. In the second place, we have actually had, in our American gardens, a variety of this poppy for a hundred years or more, and since about 1880 we have had the Shir-

ley poppies, another variety developed from the Legion flower. I have never heard of any instance where these flowers have gone wild and become a pest. I have had them come up around my own garden, but never thickly enough to make any trouble. To make sure, however, I have consulted with Dr. U. P. Hedrick, chief of horticultural research in the New York Agricultural Experiment Station. He began his scientific career in Oregon and California, and he is also entirely familiar with our Eastern States. He says that

before the seeds are planted, it should be very thoroughly worked over with a rake, till it is broken down as fine as possible. The seed of a poppy is a tiny thing, and cannot push up except through light, fine soil. Neither can poppies (except the perennial Oriental varieties) be transplanted. They have to be sown where they are to grow.

Now, as to seed. Order during the winter or early in the spring, so as to have them ready, some Iceland poppies, to plant first, because they are hardy, do not fear the frost, and will come up again early the next season. They are low growing, and should be planted on the edge of the bed.

Get, of course, plenty of the Legion poppy seed. Order, also, some mixed Shirley poppies, which are developed garden varieties of the Legion flower, and very delicate and lovely. Burbank sells some of his varieties which are highly praised. Then by all means order a package of the swan-white chrysanthemum flowered poppy which you can secure from the better seedsmen. This makes a tall, stately plant, bearing big, ball-like flowers six inches across, and closely resembling chrysanthemums. At least one dealer sells the seed of the white opium poppy, and another a poppy called the Darwin, which is of deep colors and very handsome. Then, of course, there is the California poppy, a genuine American variety. This is a low growing, bright yellow flower, and should also be planted near the front of your bed.

When you have your seeds and your bed ready, begin planting the Iceland variety as soon as the ground is workable, but don't plant the rest till danger from frost is past. Sow your Legion flower seeds along the border, just back of the Icelandics and Californias, so you'll have a red line, in a prominent position, but don't use up all your seed at the first planting. Sow your mixed Shirleys next, then your opium, then your Darwins, and finally at the rear (or the center, if your bed is in the middle of a lawn) the tall chrysanthemum-flowered varieties. Sow only a part of all these seeds, too. The idea is to make plantings about once a week for four or five weeks after the danger of frost is over, and thus prolong the period of bloom in your bed.

Poppy seeds, being such tiny things, are not planted in drills. You should scatter them on the ground, and then either scratch them under very lightly with a fine rake or dust them lightly with very fine sand or powdered mould, through a fine screen. After that it is best to spread a piece of cheesecloth or old burlap over the bed, and water through that. Watch carefully, because the minute the seeds sprout, this cloth

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## *The Miracle of the Poppies*

**I**F you have never watched a poppy unfold, you have missed a rare treat. One day the green bud hangs downward on the stem. The next morning, at sunrise, it is erect, and just a touch of color shows at the tip of the bud. The sun rises over the dewy garden. Its rays strike the green-cased bud. Suddenly, right before your eyes, the petals burst the green shell, push outward, uncurl, flutter, and thin as tissue paper, soft and gleaming as finest silk, they become a perfect flower."



he is "very certain there is little danger of the poppy becoming pestiferous in America." On such authority, the members of the Legion need have no hesitancy in going ahead and planting their chosen flower.

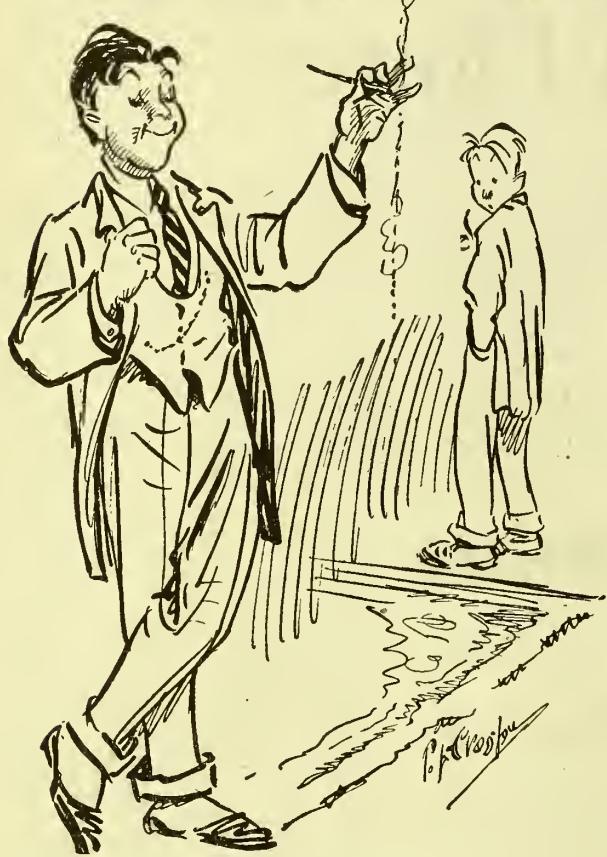
I am writing this article before the 1923 seed catalogues are out, but on inquiry at several of the largest seed houses in the country I find they are listing the red corn poppy, or "Legion poppy," as they call it, so I presume other houses will.

The seed is going to be easy to get, then, and the scarlet Legion flower should be the basis of your poppy bed. But don't stop with this one variety. There are dozens of poppies to be had, easy to grow and lovely to look at. Once you have raised a bed of them you will never want your garden to be without them again.

Poppies like best a light, mellow soil. The bed in which they are planted should have plenty of old, well-rotted manure spaded deeply under in early spring. The top soil, if it is at all heavy or likely to cake in dry weather, should then be mixed with leaf mould or fine sand, to lighten it. In any case,

# The Memoirs of an M. P.

By One Who Was One



"Oh, I was just attached to the Army  
for rations"

**I**T'S a fact, and you know it, that when you get four or five young men with the same background together they're going to get around to talking about it sometime in the course of the conversation. Many are the spirited discussions to which I've hearkened in Pullman smokers when the genial company therein assembled discovered they were all traveling men. How frequently also have I heard the praises of the Donkey or the Elephant sung when we found we were all Democrats or Republicans, or whatever it was. But louder, longer and heartier by many a vigorous phrase and roof-rocking shout are the get-togethers I continually find myself in of young men who unearth the fact that all on hand were present and accounted for in the war.

"When I was in the Umpth Infantry," someone invariably remarks and holds the floor until "that time we were working a seventy-five up below Soissons" or "the morning we tanks got going" cuts in for a while. It is during these gatherings that I retain a firm hold on my tongue. I have no desire to be hurled bodily out of the window of a train traveling at sixty miles an hour. Nor, if it happens to be a restaurant, do I want a handful of plates skimmed in my direction. When asked diplomatically what I did in the great war it is my practice to remark with a fine air of casualness, "Oh, I was just attached to the Army for rations." It's going on four years that

to buck up against the Army's cherished notions of the pursuits of its police in civilian life.

We did have, in our outfit, one late-comer who had really been a patrolman, but he spent most of his time making himself sandwiches and eating them. The lieutenant met him plodding his beat between two villages in our billeting area one muddy winter day.

"Where are you from—Vigny or Moisseulles?" he inquired.

"From Omaha, sir," said our gallant policeman, and wondered why his name didn't appear on the next list of first-class privates.

"Candidly, I don't believe I'm giving away any military secrets when I say that the life of an M. P. had its advantages."

I've been demobilized, but I'm not taking any chances. I don't feel like starting any reminiscences in reach of doughboy hands with "Now when I was an M. P.—"

Yes, I was an M. P. in the great war. Just a minute, buddy—put down that gun and hear me out. The law is quite firm on the point that you have to give a man a hearing before you shoot him. And, after all, maybe I wasn't the one who picked you up without a pass that time in Tours. You see I was with the division all the time and I never saw Tours or Nancy or Paris. Nor did I ever teach a man how to salute with a blackjack the way they did it in "Three Soldiers." In private life I am neither a boilermaker, a dance hall bouncer nor a third-rate prize-fighter, much as I hate

So you see I may have my merry recollections of the great war, too. Not that our outfit didn't cause to appear before summary courts sundry ardent young spirits bent on leveling the villages of both Alabama and France, and we were likewise responsible for Madame la Propriétaire's putting up her shutters at neuf heures. So I suppose we are forevermore beyond the pale in discussions of things military. But to balance our defects we became rather adept at commandeering frog trucks to pull the kitchens of various mess sergeants out of the ditches and in seeing that the lost, strayed and stolen of our division were sheltered, fed and returned to the fold. The division, I rejoice to say, was grateful. I recall particularly the forlorn-looking private who, soon after our arrival in France a full month after the rest of the division, rolled into the city where we had our headquarters seeking his company.

"I'm lost," he informed the sergeant at the desk, and sat down in a corner to spend the rest of the war.

"Your outfit's at Blank," the sergeant whispered. We were on a front and therefore cautious.

"Gee!" said the doughboy hopefully, "I'll say you M. P.'s here know your job. Ours were a lot of fatheads."

"Same bunch," the sergeant informed him. "We just arrived."

"Hell," said the doughboy as he folded up his travel order. "We heard you'd been torpedoed and sunk."



So that was our welcome to France. It followed nine months of valiant service to the cause of democracy in a Southern training camp. We arrived in camp as yellow hat-corded, spur-jangling cavalry, turning up our noses at all other outfits, as is the habit of the cavalry. We left made into M. P.'s, wearing infantry blue hat cords and with everyone's nose turned up at us. As a last remnant of our former glory, over whose loss we forever gnashed our teeth, we were still carrying spurs which we wore all over France while hopefully looking for the horses that were promised us. If recollection serves, I threw mine away at the end

looked. The friendly sergeant had a full quart tied on the end of a long string, and it was following him into camp like a faithful dog. He had been a cheerful, likable sort of sergeant; it would be a shame to arrest him, yet the orders were strict against bringing firewater into camp. The M. P. broke the string and attached a scraggly chunk of wood in place of the quart. He still wonders what an artillery sergeant thinks about when he finds his Christmas corn has turned to part of a stump.

Yes, we M. P.'s were sharp, shrewd fellows. I remember the time one of our sergeants, a lynx-eyed sleuth, drove

the official. On the time, for instance, when a hundred extra horses were wished on the outfit and those of us who were not on M. P. duty became excellent grooms and stable boys. On the particular afternoon when, led by our major on his dashing roan, thirty of us took ninety of those horses out for exercise. Merrily, I recall, we passed along a back road, our charges bucking and snorting and kicking with the carefree joy of quadrupeds who have been two weeks idle in their stalls.

And then there descended on us, marching at attention with their band in front, the Umptieth Infantry Regiment, returning from their parade



*"We were split up two and two and sent around to various villages to do the town constable act. I cannot recall our coming ever being received with cheers"*

of the first twenty kilometer hike under full pack, along with my currycomb and picket rope.

But the days of eight-hour gate guard and traffic duty in the U. S. A. had their livening touches. I recall the crusade we made against the soldiery's attempt to bring moonshine from the hills into camp for purposes of Christmas jollity. Low subterfuges were resorted to by our opponents in their efforts to bilk the guardians at the gates. One snowy night of that holiday week an artillery sergeant came straggling in well after Taps.

"Bad night, M. P.," he observed genially, showing his pass. "Pretty tough on you fellows out in this storm."

The M. P. agreed and smiled upon the friendly sergeant, who strolled off, innocent of bearing forbidden liquids on his person. But what was this thing jerking and crawling over the snow-crust fifty feet behind him? The M. P.

our combination Ford truck and patrol wagon to a neighboring hamlet to pick up a badly-wanted O. D. malefactor whom our outpost had cunningly entrapped. With a gun to his ribs our Sherlock Holmes clapped his prisoner in the back of the truck and, mounting gloweringly to the driver's seat, whirled homewards, eyes to the front in a military manner.

"Come out of there," he growled twenty minutes later at the truck's back curtain, which he covered with his trusty Colt. "You're at the brig."

No—I am frank to say—the prisoner wasn't. Somewhere in the six-mile homeward spin he had hopped blithely out of the flying Ford, and to the best of my knowledge the Army is still looking for him. The sergeant? Oh, it's easy to get to be a corporal. One stripe from three leaves two.

However, memory dwells more fondly on the side of camp life other than

ground with their colonel proudly at their head. The band inspired our vigorous steeds when the column came alongside of us. A hoof went through a drum and the bandsmen began to blow sour, disjointed notes.

"Take your condemned horses off the road, sir," glared the colonel at our major.

But an M. P. major is a high-ranking personage. A colonel of infantry is nothing in his eyes.

"Keep your blasted troops in order," came back our major. "I never saw such a rotten column."

It wasn't a very military column any more. I shall never forget the way horses were milling about in it with us hanging onto their halters for dear life. Three active steeds on one rope is a handful; try it sometime if you want a busy afternoon. And our friends the doughboys helped greatly in preserving

(Continued on page 26)

# EDITORIAL



*For God and Country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to Constitution of The American Legion.*

## A Rainbow

WITH the appointment of former Brigadier General Frank T. Hines as Director of the Veterans Bureau the disabled ex-soldier and sailor, whose hopes have been dashed so often and so often been deferred, can cherish again the emotion which springs eternal. Last week, when this magazine reviewed the unfortunate train of events that led to the downfall of Charles R. Forbes, it was related that the President was giving careful thought to the selection of a successor. Furthermore, our correspondent ventured the opinion that the next head of the Veterans Bureau, whoever he might be, if successful, would have this qualification: he would be a big man—at least before he quit the job.

The President's choice is comforting in more respects than one. In the first place we are dealing with known values. General Hines is a big man; we know that to begin with. He is the biggest man, on the face of past performances, that has yet had anything to do with the much-mussed and mauld problem of veteran rehabilitation. He has a job of proportionate size. It looks like a good combination.

General Hines was not the pick of The American Legion—to answer a question that already has been asked a hundred times. Nobody was the pick of The American Legion. The American Legion is not in the picking business. The President exercises that prerogative solely. Yet the Legion, being the father of the Veterans Bureau, is not without concern in the premises. When the National Commander at Cleveland a few days before General Hines was named said he hoped Mr. Harding might select a civilian he expressed a wish that lay deep in the heart of Legionnaires who have manned the guns in the long fight for the disabled.

Legionnaires hoped a civilian might get the place, because there are plenty of able civilians, and because army control and army methods have been at the root of many of the evils that have fettered the administration of the affairs of the disabled.

Yet we are encouraged by the appointment of General Hines. Though he was a Regular Army officer for twenty-one years, Hines is not a graduate of West Point—a most admirable institution, but not, as a wise commentator recently observed, a producer of executives in quantity. Hines went into the Spanish War as a volunteer and fought through twenty-two engagements. He came out as a sergeant of field artillery. He won a commission in 1901 and by slow degrees had risen to a captaincy in 1917.

The war made Hines, and he was worth making. He is one of the outstanding figures of that period, though his work is little known outside of official and industrial circles, because Hines was not a combat officer. But Hines stands next to Harbord among the great executives who wore the uniform in the non-combatant services.

Captain Hines was in Europe when we entered the war, but he was not sent to the front. The veteran of twenty-two battles was called to Hoboken and given a job at the

Port of Embarkation. Shortly afterward he was made chief of that service, and in eighteen months 2,082,000 soldiers had crossed the ocean without a hitch. Hines had shown executive genius of the first order. He became a brigadier-general and after the war was placed in charge of all water, rail and vehicular transportation of the Army. His management of it attracted the attention of the great transportation magnates of the country, and Hines left the Army to become the head of a steamship company.

He returns to the government service through a sense of duty which imposes a heavy financial sacrifice. He enters on his new and difficult duties with the support and best hopes of the Legion and the disabled veteran.

## One of History's Bad Actors

EVERYBODY knows the story of "how well Horatius kept the bridge in the brave days of old." Leader of a volunteer detail of three men—fame has not perpetuated so well the names of his buddies, Spurius Lartius and Hermenius—Horatius held at bay a force of eighty thousand infantry and ten thousand cavalry while behind him bleded senators and no-account plebeians labored side by side to hew down the bridge that was the only means by which the army of Lars Porsena could enter the imperial city.

But there is a blot on Horatius's fine record. Though he might well have merited a Roman Medal of Honor, if there was one, for an heroic action above and beyond the call of duty, there was a price on his patriotism. Apparently he did not impose this price himself; a grateful senate and public did that for him, but Horatius's record is black—he did not scorn the proffered bonus, or if he did history does not give him credit for so doing. He selected a government farm as his option. According to Macaulay,

They gave him of the corn-land,  
That was of public right,  
As much as two strong oxen  
Could plough from morn till night.

Doubtless the Andrew Mellon of that day complained that there were not enough sesterces in the treasury to stand the strain, and a contemporary Frank A. Munsey very likely dipped his stylus into a splenetic inkpot and wrote "barbarian mercenary."

## A Look Ahead

THE last survivor of the charge of the Light Brigade died recently in Canada. He was "all that was left of them, left of six hundred." His great moment came in 1854, sixty-nine years ago—seven years before our own Civil War, less than five years after the beginning of the California gold rush, during the Presidency of—can you tell without looking it up.

With the calipers of time measure the span of this veteran's career and apply it to the man of 1918. The last survivor of the Lost Battalion has until 1987. He will live through the excitement of sixteen Presidential elections. He will be asked if he ever saw Marshal Foch with his own eyes, just as, a hundred years earlier, he would have been asked if he had ever seen Napoleon. He will have an excellent chance of being National Commander of the Legion by default, if he has not previously been elected to that office on his own merits. Once a year a de luxe airplane express will whisk him to the national convention of the Sons of Legionnaires; he will, of course, be their honorary commander, and tell them that the proudest decoration he wears is his gold S. O. L. button.

What sort of an America will he see, more than two full generations from now? What will it be like? The picture is worth thinking about. For some of us, certainly, are going to live to see it.

## Heads They Win, Tails You Don't

THE communist movement in America is going forward with great strides, the "Workers' Party" recently cabled the Soviet Government of Russia. Which must be consoling to Messrs. Lenin and Trotzky, whose most recent statements indicate that the capitalistic movement in Russia is also going forward with great strides.

# Who's Who among Department Commanders



**E**DWARD E. GOODWYN, Virginia's first Legionnaire for 1923, is a native son, his ancestors having been among the original settlers of the Commonwealth. One of his forebears was a Revolutionary colonel. Since 1893 he has been connected with military activities in the State, having been a member of the Virginia Volunteers and later colonel of a regiment of National Guard Infantry. At the beginning of the World War his regiment was called into Federal service to guard public utilities, munitions plants, bridges and tunnels. Later he was assigned as divisional staff officer in command of trains of the 29th Division with the rank of colonel. He was discharged in May, 1919. He organized and commanded Bulla Post of Emporia, Virginia, and his service for the Legion brought to him his election as department commander. He is in the insurance business.



**J**AMES HARRIS, commander of the Department of Idaho, is a native of that State. He served overseas with the Second Division Trains and M. P. and at First Army Headquarters, and took part in four major operations. He was discharged with the rank of first lieutenant. His Legion activities include the command of Russel Smith Post of Weiser, Idaho, and service on the department legislative committee. He helped put through a measure providing an appropriation for the relief of indigent veterans and another creating a State Veterans' Welfare Commission, of which he is a member.

**G**IЛЬBERT BETTMAN, a native Ohioan, who commands the Buckeye Legionnaires, has been nationally active in Legion work since the organization's inception. In October, 1917, he was engaged as counsel to the Director of the War Risk Bureau, and later was commissioned a captain in the Military Intelligence Division. He attended the St. Louis caucus and the First National Convention of the Legion at Minneapolis as a delegate. He has served on several national committees and in 1920 was appointed chairman of the National Legislative Committee. He has been active in getting for the Legion the residue of war chest funds in Ohio and Indiana, securing decisions which recognized the Legion as the only all-inclusive World War veterans' organization. He resigned as vice-mayor of Cincinnati to become department commander.

**L**EO P. KELLY, who is serving his second consecutive term as commander of the Department of Colorado, is a holder of the Distinguished Service Cross. With the rank of first lieutenant, he saw twenty-two months' overseas service with the Ninth Infantry, Second Division, and was wounded near Soissons. Immediately after his discharge he joined Pueblo Post of the Legion and shortly afterward was elevated to post commander. He was raised to the department commandship at the 1921 convention and re-elected last year. His is a one-hundred percent Legion family, Mrs. Kelly having been a nurse in a base hospital overseas. They met there after he had been wounded.



**W**ILLIAM P. MACLEAN heads the Legion of the Sunflower State this year. A Pennsylvanian by birth and a resident of Ohio during his school years, he became a Jayhawker by adoption in 1914. Following eight months on the Mexican border with the Kansas National Guard he recruited four batteries for the 130th Field Artillery, 35th Division, and commanded a battery during the World War, receiving divisional and army citations. He helped organize and was first commander of Capitol Post of Topeka. He is superintendent of the Boys' Industrial School in Topeka, which has been adopted by Kansas Legionnaires.



# When Their War Hit the Ceiling

## A Fox-Hole Pet



MY biggest thrill came while we of the 42d Division were in the Argonne. We were entrenched at the time on the reverse side of a very steep slope in those miserable fox holes. Our

friends the enemy had occupied the same sheltering holes a few days previous, and knowing we were there, they made our lives wretched every hour of the day with shrapnel, high explosive, and all forms of gas. We dared not stroll to the stream near by or tarry long around the daily mess cart.

In connection with my duties as gas officer I started on an inspection one evening about dusk immediately following an especially heavy attack of gas.

I had proceeded but a short distance when during a momentary lull in the shelling a voice peeped out from the hole I was passing, "Oh, you've killed our pet!"

The next instant a hand reached out and drew in a hairy, shapeless little body.

"It's our little white mouse," the voice continued, as I looked on in amazement. "No, it isn't dead yet, just stunned; guess it'll live. It's been with us the last two days, and it's got tame," and with that the soldier withdrew under his canopy of mud.

Thrilled! No bullet that whizzed by my ears, no dud that spent itself in the soft clay at my feet, thrilled me as did the thought of this soldier who in the midst of the greatest war in history, and during one of the most trying periods of that war, and under the most adverse and irritating conditions of that period, was protecting the simple life of so loveless a creature as a mouse.—E. J. MORRISON, Columbus, Wis.

## In the Ward

ONE night they brought in a bunch of wounded boys just returned from overseas. You can bet they got a fine reception from the Base Hospital at Camp Beauregard, Louisiana, where I was at the time. One of the poor chaps was in a serious condition. He was delirious. Along about ten o'clock he suddenly began to sing, whistle and say all kinds of funny things. There were twenty-five of us in Ward 10 that night, and to save our lives we couldn't keep from laughing.

Presently a nurse came in. She began to laugh. Then a sudden change came over her face, and quick as a flash she stopped. "Boys," she said, "please don't laugh. The poor boy doesn't know what he is saying." I looked up at her and saw tears rolling down her cheek. Then she began to sob. About that time the officer of the night came in. He took just one glance at the nurse, saw that she was crying and turned on us. Of course he thought we

Tell the Thrill Editor, 627 West 43d Street, New York City, the most vivid experience of your uniform days in 300 words. Unavailable letters cannot be returned.

had made that little woman cry. How he talked to us! He said that we weren't gentlemen. He said that we ought to be ashamed of ourselves. He said a lot of unpleasant things.

"But it isn't their fault," the nurse interrupted; and she told him why she was crying. We got a handsome apology.

When the officer had gone that little woman had smiled at us, turned out the lights and, standing in the doorway, said, "Good night, boys. I'll see you in the morning!"

The thrill? Well, it's hard to say just why there was one, but there was—and to this day I never think of that evening without feeling the thrill again.

—B. T. BYARS, Birmingham, Ala.

## A New Horror of War

WE were huddled in dugouts in the St. Mihiel sector. It was July. All day the Germans had been shelling us heavily. At any time a big one might come crashing over to tear us to pieces. It was a wonderful sight. I watched it—with conflicting emotions. Here a 77 would burst, there a huge 210. Heinie was sending over everything he had.

Suddenly I saw a large one blast its way through the ground at the foot of the hill in which we were taking shelter, and as the smoke rose something happened that turned my blood cold. From the spot where the shell landed long darts of gleaming fire went shooting off in every direction. It was like nothing that I had ever read of or seen. "A new liquid fire invention!" I thought; and I was ready for the worst.

But I was not gassed, owing to the fact that it was not a new invention. The Germans had merely succeeded in making a direct hit on a large box of signal rockets, which had reacted in the usual way.—ANDY DARRUT (*ex-private, Co. D, 146th Inf.*), Mt. Carmel, Pa.

## He Wouldn't Stay Dead

IT was near Xammes, in the Toul Sector, that an H. E. shell exploded near me. The details of what happened immediately after that ear-splitting detonation were furnished me later by friends. Suffice it to say that a fragment of metal imbedded itself in my head, destroyed my left eye, and left me lying unconscious on the ground. For a time I knew nothing. Then—just as I began to regain my senses—I heard some one say, "They've killed Elder!" I was badly hurt—for all I knew I might be dying. But that was too much. I struggled to my feet, and just as I did so one of my buddies—Corporal Roamer—sang out, "Hell, you couldn't kill that bird!" Then I was certain that I was really alive—and that blessed knowledge gave me the biggest thrill I got in France.—GLEN W. ELDER, (*ex-corporal, 353rd Inf.*), Washington, Kan.

## Brothers in Arms

AT the beginning of the war my brother Ray enlisted in the cavalry and was sent to the Mexican border. I was a telegraph operator and went into the Signal Corps. On my arrival in France in June, 1918, I was sent to A. S. P. C. No. 2, Romorantin, France, and assigned to duty in the post signal office. I wrote the folks at home and Ray down on the border, giving them my address, but I failed to hear from Ray until the morning of all mornings—Christmas Day, 1918.

While lounging on my bunk an hour or so before dinner the mail orderly handed me a letter from Ray dated December 24, 1918, and post-marked A. P. O. 713. That letter had been mailed just three kilos across the field from Remo, where I was. Oh, boy! Ray just three kilos away on Christmas morning!

Well, I just had to see him. I tried to locate his outfit by 'phone and wire but failed. After securing a pass and the afternoon off I could hardly wait for dinner, I was so anxious to start out to look for him. I had just returned from the mess hall when who should come walking into the office but Ray! He sure was a sight for sore eyes, I am not going to try to tell you what happened for the next few minutes, but I can assure you the greetings were all that the greetings of two brothers should be—two light-hearted soldiers who were over four thousand miles from home on Christmas Day.—CECIL H. SLY, East Tawas, Mich.

## When the Band Played

IT was August 13, 1917, in the harbor of Halifax, aboard the good ship *Saxonia* (later nicknamed the *Starovaria*—there was a reason). Just thirty days before I had signed up as one of the greenest rookies that America had ever produced—so I had been told. After one month of service I had at least begun to classify things military and see the reason for army discipline, when there was a war on foot at least.

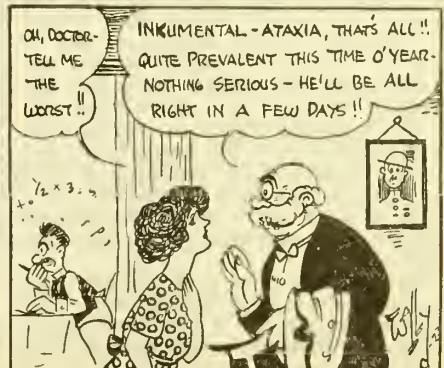
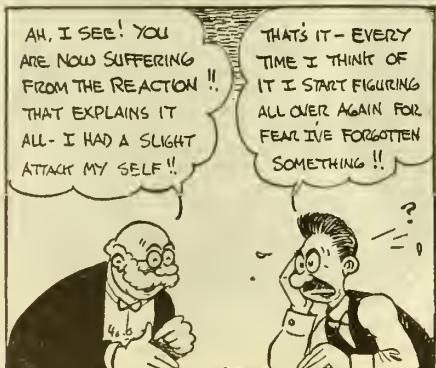
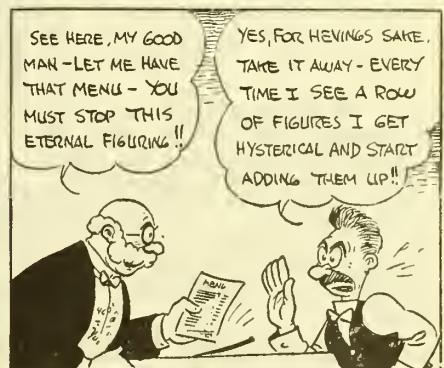
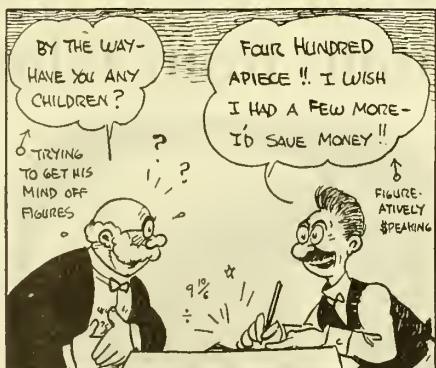
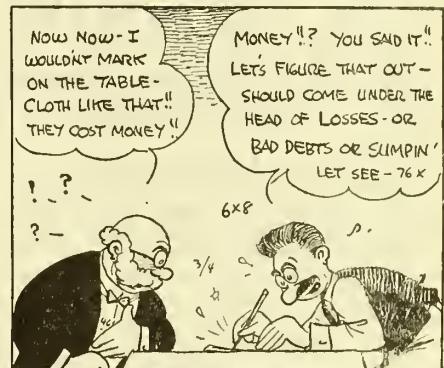
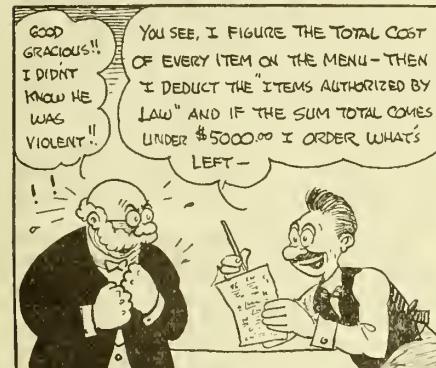
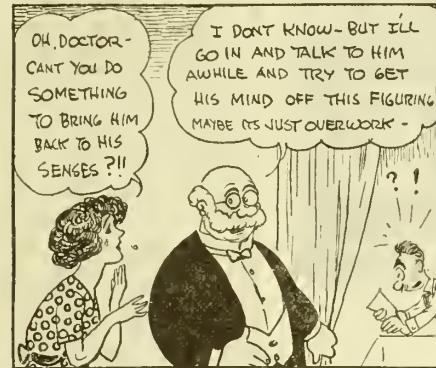
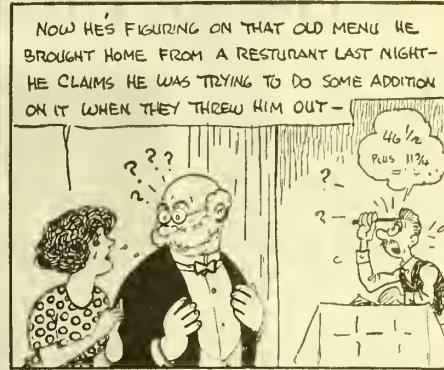
Our ship lay far out in the narrow harbor. At four o'clock in the afternoon the ship next to us—it might have been the *Tuscania*, for she was in our convoy—weighed anchor and slid gently by us headed for the open sea—and the Great Adventure. As she came abreast of us the band aboard struck up "The Star-Spangled Banner." Some six thousand soldiers crowded on the decks of the two transports leaped to their feet and came to salute. What a thrill of pride swept through me then for America, my country, which I had left for the first time just three days before!

These olive-drab figures were to  
(Continued on page 22)



# A Case of Reaction

By Wallgren



# Co-operation Plus Brings Rewards

THIS isn't primarily a story of how Fidelity Post of Ord, Nebraska, acquired its post home. It shows, however, one means of getting the interest of the citizens aroused in the Legion so that they will be ready to reciprocate on Legion projects.

A few years ago the town of Ord owned a beautiful island park, but it was a park and nothing more. Lacking water supply and other accommodations, it was not much used by the citizens. That condition has been changed. Following a suggestion offered by a member at a meeting, Fidelity Post got into action. An appeal to local lumber dealers resulted in an ample contribution of material. With the aid of volunteer Legion workmen, bathhouses were built. Finishing that job, a well was put down and camp stoves installed. The Legionnaires and other citizens now have an ideal camping ground and Ord is inviting tourists to stop over and use these facilities free of charge.

That interested the Legion men in community work, and the post began scouting around for other civic jobs. The members didn't see why their town, a county seat with two thousand population, shouldn't have a free library. The post commander and executive committeemen secured permission to use some unoccupied rooms in the new county courthouse; a library associa-

tion was organized and over one hundred and fifty membership cards were sold. The library is now in operation and is receiving the active support of every public-spirited citizen.

When last fall the members of the town's Volunteer Fire Department were short of funds to permit them to attend their annual convention, the post came across with fifty dollars for this purpose.

The acquiring of the Fidelity Post clubhouse may appear to be a more or less selfish project, but it also proved a benefit to the town. When the local Unitarian congregation disbanded, its church building, erected some thirty

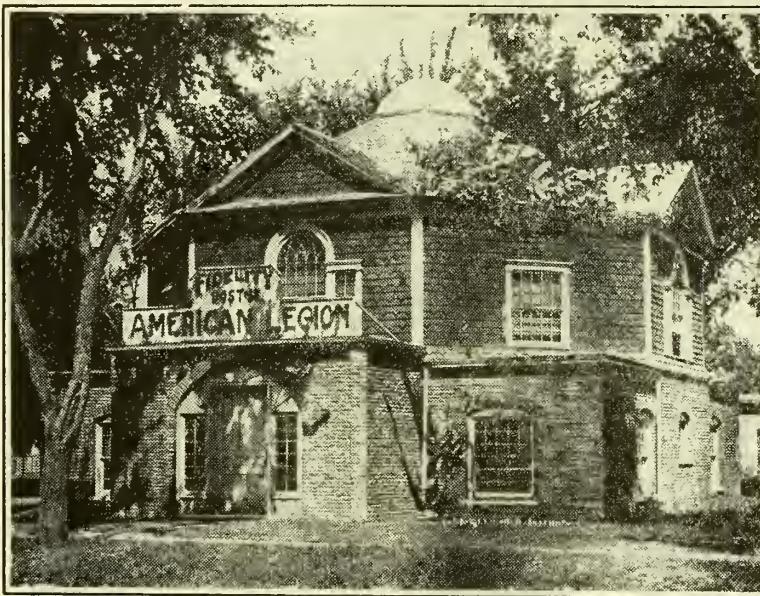
years ago, was acquired by the G. A. R. and its auxiliary. By the time the Legion appeared on the scene the older veterans were dropping out one by one and those remaining were unable to keep up the property. The building was fast falling into decay, and back interest and taxes were piling up.

With a newly-organized post and no money on hand, the members took over the property by a small payment to the G. A. R. and assumed all outstanding indebtedness, sewer, paving and property taxes, and the mortgage. It looked like a big proposition, but the post decided to go it alone without asking contributions from the public. The property was soon practically cleared of debt through

funds raised by a series of dances, several carnivals, and the help of the Auxiliary unit. The citizens of Ord showed their gratitude for the post's community activities by fully supporting every Legion affair staged.

Many needed repairs and improvements have been made in the building, all the labor being donated by post members.

The town itself has profited by having an old decayed hall rehabilitated and has the use of the building for community meetings and dances. The use of the hall is given to the G. A. R., the Spanish-American War Veterans and their auxiliaries without charge.



Community work indirectly helped Fidelity Post of Ord, Nebraska, to acquire this clubhouse

ONE of the first posts to book the patriotic film classic, "The Man Without a Country," since the Legion's National Film Service acquired the distribution rights was Jefferson Post of Louisville, Kentucky. The engagement was for an eight-day run at one of the largest theaters in the city, and a net profit of seventeen hundred dollars resulted.

Jefferson Post wanted publicity for the showing and it got it. With the co-operation of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, a beauty contest was staged to select the fairest Bluegrass girl to appear as Miss Columbia in the patriotic prologue which preceded the running of the film. More than one hundred photographs of contestants were published in the newspaper, and two hundred and ten columns of free space in the four daily newspapers were given over to news about the contest and to announcements of the film showing.

Six airplanes flew over the city and dropped advertising heralds and complimentary tickets. A parade of school children with banners announcing, "We

are on our way to see 'The Man Without a Country,'" was arranged. A chain telephone message, originating in one hundred Legionnaires telephoning ten friends each, inviting them to see the film, and those ten in turn each calling ten other persons, was used.

Governor Morrow and his staff attended as special guests of the post and delivered brief addresses. Special nights were set apart for the Elks, Knights of Columbus, Shriners and the post. An added attraction was that all of the contestants in the beauty contest were invited to attend the opening performance as guests.

Jefferson Post is on the map in Louisville.

To insure all posts getting a chance to show the film, the National Film Service has arranged a schedule whereby one of the film copies is allotted to a department for a stated period of time. For example, Oklahoma posts have exclusive booking privileges for six weeks beginning March first. Arrangements for booking can be made through The American Legion National Film Service, Indianapolis.

## Funds from Films



Miss Gladys Hicks, prize-winning Bluegrass beauty



**THE FRENCH CAFÉ, BAKERSFIELD, CAL.** Since the first issue of the official paper of Frank S. Reynolds Post of Bakersfield, Mr. Brice, owner of the café, has carried an ad with the statement appended, "All service men welcome with or without jack," and has carried out its provisions by feeding great numbers of needy service men without cost.

**QUENTIN ROOSEVELT POST, OYSTER BAY, N. Y.** The post's official bob-sled, "Man o' War," rated as the biggest in its part of the country, has nothing but victories on its record. With its crew of twenty-five members of the post, it has ranked first in a number of speed and long distance races.

**MONTIVIDEO, MINN.** For its good municipal judgment in selecting former service men to direct town affairs. At the last election Legionnaire J. J. Brown was chosen mayor and Legionnaires F. O. Nelson and Olaf L. Larson were elected aldermen. Another Legion man, C. W. Bonde, is a holdover member of the council, and Past Post Commander L. G. Smith is a member of the school board. Miss Blanche Kurtz of the post Auxiliary unit was re-elected city treasurer.

**NEWMAN-MILAGE POST, PUKWANA, S. D.** When one of the post members, the sole support of his infirm parents, had to undergo an operation, things looked pretty gloomy to him. There were a hundred acres of corn still in the field and other work to do. The post got busy, gathered together twenty-five teams and a hundred men, including all its members and other willing citizens, and in one day cleaned up the whole job.

**DOUGLAS COUNTY POST, OMAHA, NEBRASKA.** For being the first of the large-membership posts to top its last-year total. With 780 members at the end of 1922, the post had 940 men signed up before the end of January, and a proposed membership campaign was still in the offing.

**DONALDSON-WALKER POST, CUSHING, OKLA.** For using its band to give concerts in all of the churches in its city. The free-will offerings of the citizens will be used to help defray expenses of the band to the Fifth National Convention in San Francisco next fall. The band is also receiving the support of the business men and civic clubs of Cushing.

## Outfit Reunions and Notices

**CONTRIBUTIONS** for this column must be received three weeks in advance of the events with which they are concerned.

**308TH ENGINEERS**—Third annual convention at the Breakers Hotel, Cedar Point, O., Aug. 5, 6, 7. Address Lester Johns, 2105 Warren rd., Lakewood, O.

**301ST FIELD SIGNAL BATTALION**—Reunion dinner 6:30 p.m., Apr. 7, American House, Boston, Mass. Address E. J. Desmond, 2 Edgemere rd., Quincy, Mass.



# Magic

## Lies in pretty teeth—Remove that film

Why will any man or woman in these days have dingy film on teeth?

There is now a way to end it. Millions of people employ it. You can see the results in glistening teeth everywhere you look.

This is to offer a ten-day test, to show you how to beautify the teeth.

### Film is cloudy

Film is that viscous coat you feel. It clings to the teeth, enters crevices and stays. When left it forms the basis of tartar. Teeth look discolored more or less.

But film does more. It causes most tooth troubles. It holds food substances which ferment and form acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

### You leave it

Old ways of brushing leave much of that film intact. It dims the teeth and, night and day, threatens serious damage. That's why so many well-brushed teeth discolor and decay. Tooth troubles have been constantly increasing. So dental science has been seeking ways to fight that film. Two effective methods have been found. They mean so much that leading dentists the world over now advise them.

**Pepsodent** PAT. OFF.  
REG. U. S.

**The New-Day Dentifrice**

A scientific film combatant, which whitens, cleans and protects the teeth without use of harmful grit. Now advised by leading dentists the world over.

A new-type tooth paste has been perfected, correcting some old mistakes. These two film combatants are embodied in it. The name is Pepsodent, and by its use millions now combat that film.

### Two other foes

It also fights two other foes of teeth. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. To digest starch deposits on teeth which may otherwise cling and form acids.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. To neutralize mouth acids which cause tooth decay.

Thus Pepsodent brings to people new conceptions of clean teeth.

### Lives Altered

Whole lives may be altered by this better tooth protection. Dentists now advise that children use Pepsodent from the time the first tooth appears. It will mean a new dental era.

The way to know this is to send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

See and feel the new effects, then read the reasons in the book we send.

If you count such things important, cut out the coupon now.

### 10-Day Tube Free<sup>1101</sup>

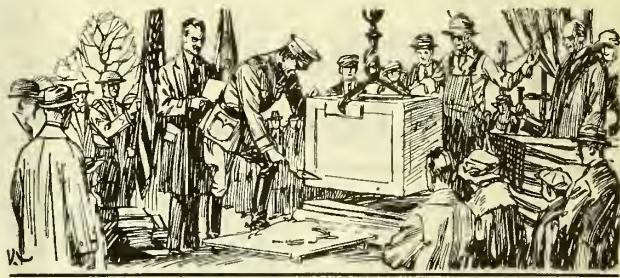
THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,  
Dept. 809, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

ONLY ONE TUBE TO A FAMILY

# Keeping Step With the Legion

Address all communications to this department to The Stepkeeper, National Headquarters Bureau, The American Legion Weekly, Indianapolis, Indiana



## Memorial Day Again

THE Step Keeper must apologize to no fewer than umph posts for not being able to tell all their ideas about Memorial Day. Still, there is room enough for a few more letters, and the letters offer light on the best means of observing the day, so here goes:

The first one picked (by the eeny-meeny-miney process) comes from Daniel A. Hubbard of Dexter, Maine, who says:

The first and most important part of the day's duty is to see that every ex-service man's grave is decorated. In some communities no doubt there are some graves of men who fought in earlier wars that have long been forgotten. The Legion has already located many of these graves. This work should be pushed with added vigor. In years back many families had their own private burying grounds. Perhaps that old farmhouse, deserted for twenty-five years or more, has a half dozen or more graves in one corner of the orchard. Perhaps one of those graves holds a service man who fought with Washington to gain our independence who has been sleeping there neglected for years. Surely our service is not ended so long as one of these graves remains.

Co-operate with the G. A. R. in all cases and carry on the good work that they have kept up for over half a century. Keep up the good fight to make Memorial Day less of a gala day. There is a good deal in a name or in one word. Usually in speaking of a holiday we say that we are going to celebrate. But Memorial Day we should say we are going to observe.

There are two classes of people who are equally a menace to the proper observance of Memorial Day. One is the class just

referred to, who look on it as a gala day. The other is the class—who take no interest in it whatever. I have seen some people who didn't know when Memorial Day had come and gone.

The best way to reach both of these classes is through the children. In towns where a parade is held get the school chil-

## WHAT EXPERIENCE, BUDDY?

**What luck has your post  
had with  
PICNICS  
MOTOR TRIPS  
Camps**

**and outings of other kinds ?  
Tell the Step Keeper, National  
Headquarters Bureau of the  
Weekly, Indianapolis. And don't  
forget to tell something about  
how you put these things on**

dren and the Boy Scouts to march to the cemetery in a body with the parade. Where services are held in a public hall or in a grove, get the children to go to that. Have the speaker make some of his talk to the children. Let them know that they are not out that day altogether for a good time, but explain to them in language that they will understand the principles behind Memorial Day. In this way the children will

grow up with the idea in their heads that it is not a day to play ball or go fishing, and at the same time it will help to plant in their minds the germ of patriotism.

Next (miney) on our list, comes the following from R. L. Bickford, secretary of the Greenfield (Massachusetts) Patriotic Societies and historian of John J. Galvin Post of Greenfield. He has a brand-new idea for co-operative observance of Memorial Day. Here is his offering:

In answer to your question as to how The American Legion should observe Memorial Day, I think that the plan we have in Greenfield, which is the same as that carried out in other towns in this section of the State, will interest you.

We have a permanent organization known as the Greenfield Patriotic Societies which includes all of the members of the eleven patriotic societies in town. There are no dues or assessments. From the Constitution I quote one of its objects: "The proper observance of the national anniversaries set apart to honor the memory of the nation's defenders."

An annual meeting is held in February and officers elected for the year—a chairman, a secretary and a treasurer. These officers are elected from the commanders of the eleven societies represented. The eleven commanders constitute an executive board. At this February meeting plans for Memorial Day are made and work assigned to the different units. An estimate is made of the expense and the town appropriates the necessary amount at their annual meeting in March.

Committees are appointed to gather laurel and make it up into wreaths and set pieces for use in the hall exercises on Memorial Day and later in the cemetery. A flag is bought for each soldier's grave. We have every cemetery in town mapped out with the location of each grave for

## Tut-Tut-Tut-Ahmen! and You—

After 3,600 years, old King Toot-Toot has been dug up and aired. Baby pins and Teddy Bears can't compare with the Egyptian shimmy, the Tut-Tut stickpins, the Two-Tank bootleggers, the Ahmen costumes, the Toot-tut bungalows and the Tut-toot cigarettes that America will gobble up on his account.

He was a wise old bird, he was. He dug in for twenty feet and let his orderly throw a lot of dirt on top. But they found him. He couldn't get away and the first thing the explorers, Messrs. Dumb and Bedumbed, said to him was:

### Have You Paid Your 1923 Dues?

There's a King Toot-Toot in your town—Go get him!

### POST OFFICERS:

*'More than a thousand Weekly subscription cards were received last week without full information. Be sure of your addresses. Be sure to mark your members either new or renewals. Be sure to give us the old address if the card calls for a new one.'*

*If you let your cards accumulate you hold up somebody's magazine. Fill them out and get them to us as quickly as you can. They will help your department in the race to beat Georgia. Have you watched Massachusetts climb?*

*There's a chance for your department, too. It depends on you. Don't let your post slack up. This is the Big Year, and the Legion is digging up the Tut-Tuts and telling them to toot and toot sweet.'*

the convenience of our committees. On the Sunday before Memorial Day each of the individual societies marches to church in a body and memorial services are held. We meet in different churches from year to year. The afternoon is taken up in placing the flags on the graves.

Memorial Day morning the organizations assemble about nine a. m. and march to the soldiers' monument on the common, which has been decorated the night before, and a short service is held here. From there the line marches to the town hall, where the patriotic societies file in, and after they are seated the public is admitted. The exercises at the hall include selections by the band, a speaker, Lincoln's Gettysburg address, selections by a choir and the reading of the death roll. Following the exercises the line is formed and the cemeteries are visited. A potted plant is placed on each grave—the grave can be easily located by the flag placed the Sunday before—and all members join in placing the plants. Taps is blown and the march resumed to the next cemetery. Three cemeteries are visited in this way on Memorial Day. The outlying cemeteries are taken care of on the Sunday before. The program is finished by noon and the afternoon is free for sports or anything the public wishes.

The chairmanship of the Patriotic Societies has been in the hands of the Legion for the past two years, and among our accomplishments are the discontinuance of all sports during the forenoon while the flag is at half mast; the doing away with the custom of fraternal orders of decorating the graves of their dead with flags, as we feel that only those men who have served under the colors should be entitled to this mark on that day, and a better co-operation with the public.

## Who Hasn't Got the Button?

A FRIEND of ours dropped into the office recently and began telling about a trip he had taken to some place or other. His conversation wasn't particularly interesting to us at first, but he did drop one remark that we ate up:

"Funny thing," said he, "but on my way to — I went into a club car and was smoking, when I noticed the chap next to me was wearing a Legion button. We began talking right away—about the war and adjusted compensation and a lot of things. Two other fellows who sat across the aisle wore Legion buttons. They soon joined us. We played black jack for three hours, and gossiped about lots of things that interested us all. We swapped business cards and promised faithfully to look each other up some time. I felt that I had made three good friends."

Horning into our friend's discourse, we showed him a letter from a post adjutant in Ohio—our friend's own State. The p. a. wanted to know what could be done to get members to wear their Legion buttons more religiously. We wrote him an immediate reply, citing our friend's talk-fest on the train, and advancing some other arguments, such as pride in the outfit and advertising value, which could be offered members who are lax in dolling up with the lapel emblem. Also we mentioned that we would ask what other post adjutants thought about campaigning to promote the wearing of the emblem. Therefore:

What do you think is the best means of promoting our emblem?

# Now it can Be Told!

## The Inside Story of the American Legion

FOR TWO YEARS magazine, newspaper and book publishers in their endless search for the absorbing, have sought the Legion's marvelous story—not merely something to print and label a history of the American Legion, but the authentic narrative, *which has never been told before*, of the conception, organization, growth and development of this striking institution which in four years has become *a national power and a world influence*.

There is just one man who knows the story of the Legion *and can write it*, and that man is Marquis James, formerly National Director of Publicity of the American Legion. He has finally written the story, selecting as his Publisher, William Green, a Corporation. We take pleasure in announcing

## A History of the American Legion

by Marquis James

Large type, heavy paper, 352 pages 6x9 inches, including 32 pages of illustrations and an exhaustive alphabetical index; handsomely bound in cloth and stamped in gold

With Introductory Foreword  
by Alvin Owsley, National Commander

WHAT DO YOU KNOW—or for that matter what does the public know—of the actual facts surrounding the founding of the American Legion in France? What did Bolshevism in Russia have to do with it? Who were the twenty temporary officers directed to proceed to Paris in February of 1919 to draft for General Pershing certain confidential recommendations? What was the real object of their mission? Did General Pershing know? These men met "unofficially" at a club and planned "the Paris Caucus." Why did every soldier who attended that Caucus lay himself liable to Court-Martial?

Is Theodore Roosevelt the "father" of the American Legion? If so, what was said or done that induced him to vanish from the spotlight of Legion affairs as suddenly as he had entered it?

When Pershing returned in triumph to the United States in September, 1919, the Legion arranged a monster mass meeting in his honor at Madison Square Garden, New York. Why was powerful official influence brought to bear to prevent his attending that meeting? Who was the prominent public official who accompanied Pershing to the meeting and, while he

was on the stage being introduced to the audience, whispered into Pershing's ear, "You ought to leave this place!" What—and who—intervened to persuade Pershing from going and administering to the Legion an undeserved rebuke that might have destroyed it? This gripping drama was enacted before 10,000 cheering and unsuspecting persons. It has never been told before.

What was the plot Franklin D'Olier defeated in the first adjusted compensation fight? The story reveals the boldest attempt ever made to wreck the American Legion.

When Commander Galbraith showed Dr. Von Mach, German propagandist, the door and told him to use it, the story went around the world. Yet that was merely an incident in a more thrilling story of an audacious scheme to entrap the Legion into a gigantic conspiracy by which Germany hoped to regain by diplomatic cunning what she had lost through war. Only two men ever knew the whole story. Galbraith is dead. James is the other. He relates it in vivid detail.

**These are only a few high spots, selected almost at random from the early chapters.**

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## Watch your gums— bleeding a sign of trouble

MEDICAL science knows how serious is the sign of bleeding gums. For it knows that tender and bleeding gums are the forerunners of Pyorrhœa, that dread disease which affects four out of five people over forty.

If the disease is unchecked, the gum-line recedes, the teeth decay, loosen and fall out, or must be extracted to rid the system of the Pyorrhœa poisons generated at their base—poisons which seep into the system and wreck the health. They cause rheumatism, nervous disorders, anaemia, and many other ills.

To avoid Pyorrhœa, visit your dentist often for teeth and gum inspection, and use Forhan's For the Gums. Forhan's For the Gums will prevent Pyorrhœa—or check its progress—if used in time and used consistently. Ordinary dentifrices cannot do this. Forhan's keeps the gums firm and healthy—the teeth white and clean. Start using it today. If gum-shrinkage has already set in, use Forhan's according to directions and consult your dentist immediately for special treatment.

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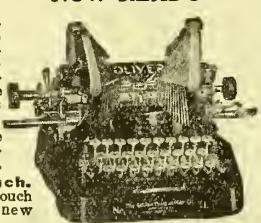


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### Good Clean Labor

"I hear, Sir, that while ye were in the city ye took up this here golf. How'd ye like it?"

"Wall, tol'able. It's a leetle harder than hoein' corn an' a leetle easier than diggin' potatoes."

### Where Two Is a Crowd

"Rastus say Pahson Brown done kotch him in Farmer Smith's chicken coop."

"M-m, boy! Don' Rastus feel 'shamed?'"

"Nossuh. De pahson am de one feel 'shame. He kain't 'splain how come he done kotch Rastus dar."

### Versed in Vamps

Mother: "How did my little daughter come out in the intelligence tests?"

Teacher: "Not so badly. Her real age is twelve and we find she has a mental age of ten. However, her cinema age is a sophisticated forty-two."

### Immunity

Sister: "Johnny is swearin' somepin' terrible at me in whispers."

Mother: "Johnny! You go right upstairs and wash your mouth out with soap."

Johnny: "It's no use, mamma. I've been eatin' soap for half an hour just so I could do this."

### Mary & Lamb, 78,248

Yes, Mary had a little lamb  
That gambolled 'round unshorn;  
Twas August when it saw Wall Street,  
But it came back September Morn.

### Ingratitude

Bilton: "Why is Doctor Simmons looking so glum?"

Tilton: "Three people got ptomaine poisoning from the oysters served at a big dinner at his house the other night, and not one of them gave him the case."

### Truth in Adv.

Summer Girl (angrily): "You advertised that you had no mosquitoes and I was almost eaten up by them last night."

Hotel Manager: "We told the truth, miss. I looked all them mosquitoes over carefully, and there ain't a one that belongs to us."

### Possible Explanation

Mr. Newhuppy: "Of course, dear, it's only a rough idea of mine, but don't you think it's possible there was such a thing as a typographical error in that cookery manual of yours?"

### Domestic

"For Heaven's sake, John, why are you spanking the baby? What has he done?"

"Nothing as far as I know, Mary, but I have to do something to keep him reminded of who I am around here."

### Expanding

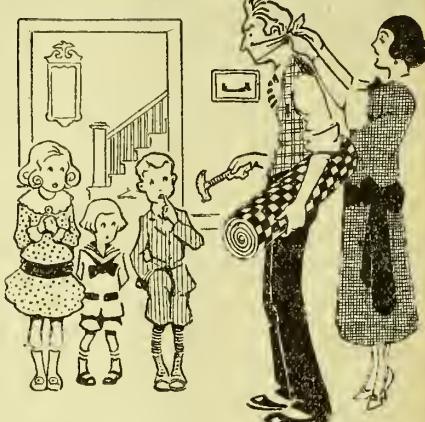
Mother: "What! You've been fighting with that boy across the street again!"

Son: "No, maw, he won't fight any more. I had to go into the next block for this one."

### Housing Storage

Wilhelm the Ex, was waxing facetious instead of his mustache.

"Shall I bring you some more sauerkraut, former All-Highest?" respectfully asked the servitor. (By the way, it's verboten to



### ORAL PRECAUTION

Daddy is about to lay the linoleum in the bathroom

sing "Them Days Are Gone Forever" at Doorn.)

"No," hohenzollerned the playboy of history. "I think this will fill the Bill."

### "Tain't Reasonable

A woman from a rural district of New England was taken to visit an art museum. In one of the rooms the attendant pointed out a collection of beautiful vases excavated at Herculaneum.

"What?" exclaimed the woman. "Dug up? Out of the ground?"

"Yes, madame."

"Just like they are now?"

"Oh, they've been cleaned up a bit, but they were found about as you see them."

"Well," shaking her head, "you may say what you like, but I don't for one minute believe they ever dug ready-made pots out of the ground."

### United Limericks of America

#### No. 3. Maine

There was a young lady in Me.,  
Who was so unspeakably ple.,  
She looked in the glass,  
And fainted. Alas!  
We could never revive her age.  
(More—Maybe)

### A Tip

"We should exercise our patience more," said the street corner orator.

"Hm-m, good idea, I'll make a note of that," said the busy doctor as he hurried by.

### In Terms of Aviation

Acquaintance—Observation plane.

Courtship—Pursuit plane.

Marriage—Battle plane.

### Through All the Years

The Legion's \$100,000 Graves Endowment Fund will insure the decoration of every soldier and sailor grave overseas forever. Do your bit.

### Simple Enough

There had come to command the company a new captain whose idea was that, while it was important to teach the young idea how to shoot, a little primary education in book-larnin' wouldn't hurt. The big scheme was for each corporal to get his squad together and drill them in the three R's.

Corporal McGarrity was having trouble in impressing the simplest ideas of arithmetic upon his seven assorted oilcans. Ap-

parently all they knew about a school house was that it was a place to slow up in passing with a car.

"You big cheeses!" he exclaimed. "You can't add four and three. Look here, if each one of you was a triple-plated, iron-headed idiot, how many triple-plated, iron-headed idiots would there be in this room?"

"Eight," chorused the class promptly.

### Start of an Unpleasant Evening

"Oh, how I wish I were young again!" sighed Mrs. Martyr of Martyrsville.

"So do I," agreed her husband. "Say just about a year younger than when I married you."

### The Call

"Remember," said the serious friend, "your country is calling you."

"I know it," replied the seasoned Senator, "but there's not the unanimity I'd like. Different parts of the country are calling me different things."

### Rank: Ranker

The British general, one of the swanky kind, tramped pompously into a hospital on an unexpected tour of inspection one day. Directly in his path was a woman on her knees, scrubbing the floor. Merely noting his shoes beside her and without looking up, she asked politely:

"Would you please fetch me a fresh pail of water?"

The dignitary's face became swollen and red with wrath, but he managed to sputter:

"Hang it, madame, I'm a general!"

Whereupon the woman rose to her feet and fixed him with a look of imperious scorn.

"Hang it, sir," she cried, "I'm a duchess!"

### Punishment to Fit

"Willie, if you don't stop turning on those water spigots, I shall give you a bath," threatened the cherub's mother.

### Figures Must Lie

**Simple Soldat:** They say they's one deck of playin' cards to every nineteen people in the United States."

**Not-so-Simple Soldat:** "That's nuts. You can't get nineteen people into one poker game."

### No Thrill

A new stenographer, after having held her job for a week, went up to her boss and announced firmly that she intended to resign.

"Wages not high enough?" he asked.

"No, sir, they're satisfactory."

"Work too hard for you?"

"Oh, no, sir, it's very easy."

"Then what's the trouble?"

"Well, sir, I have some self-respect, and I have just discovered that your wife isn't a bit jealous of me."

### Ahead of Schedule

Dr.: "Hang it all! I made a mistake and gave one of my patients the wrong medicine."

Mrs. D.: "Good heavens! Did it kill him?"

Dr.: "Dash it, no! He's entirely well."

### Warning

My son, regard that tree,  
Touch not a single bough.  
Its switches once switched me  
And I'm your papa now.

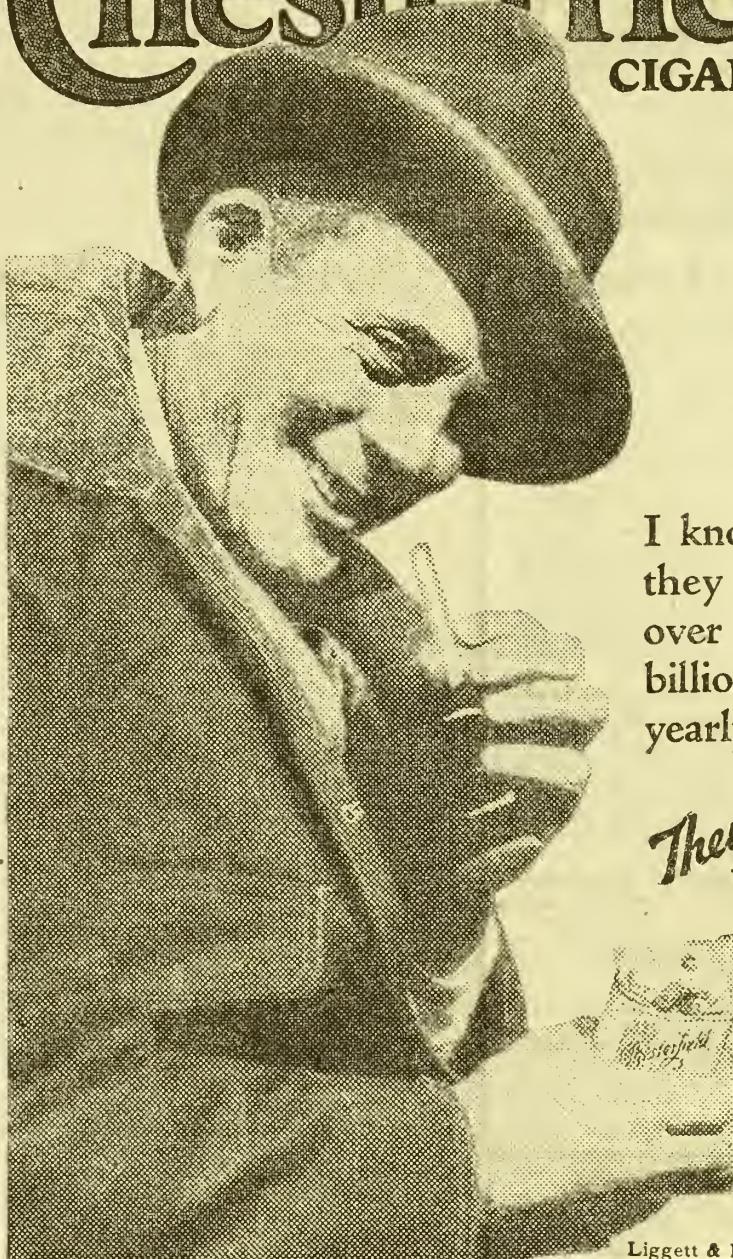
### According to Schedule

Uncle Theodore, who was visiting, wished to talk to Betty's father at the office. Not being able to find the telephone directory, he appealed to his little niece for information regarding the number.

"Betty, what does your mother ask for when she talks to Daddy at the office?"

"Money," replied the child promptly.

# Chesterfield CIGARETTES



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## When Their War Hit the Ceiling

(Continued from page 14)

witness strange and unknowable things in the coming months, but always they would represent the United States of America, and glad I was that I was to be one of them.—M. L. HOFFSTOT, Sidney, Mont.

### Citing Private Marshall

IT was in the latter part of February, 1919, and Battery F, 342d F. A., Army of Occupation, was moving from Meckel to Holsthum, Germany. A fatigue detail of six, including myself, loaded a big, heavy Nash Quad truck to capacity with stoves, iron pots, and the heaviest kitchen furnishings, and with packs strapped on our backs mounted the truck and started for Holsthum, six or eight kilometers from Meckel.

Between the two towns was a big, high hill. The gravel road, excavated in the side of the mountain, wound and looped around considerably in order to lessen the angle of elevation to the crest of the barrier.

With a good deal of snorting and puffing the heavily burdened truck and the six Yanks reached the peak of the mountain. All was well as she moved off slowly down the sharp slope without any coaxing. But the weight on the truck began to accelerate its speed immediately. The driver manipulated the brakes. They were not working! The car was going faster and faster every jump; the narrow road in front of us made short, quick turns around the precipices; a glance behind us, and the back wheels had missed sliding off the embankment only by inches. We looked in front again. The driver tried the brakes and again they failed to function; more abrupt, treacherous turns to make, and deep canyons on the side. No kiddin', boys, it was going to be good morning Saint Peter this time sure! A rapid, spasmodic succession of extreme mental and nervous emotions passed over me, and over the others too, I suppose. There we were on a run-away truck racing frenziedly with life and death. I took a desperate chance, and swinging from the side of the truck, leaped to the ground, rolling some, but escaping with only minor injuries.

In an instant the car had left me and was out of sight. I followed in its wake, expecting every jump to find my soldier buddies dumped in the valley dead or dying. I walked about a half mile into the town of our destination, and found that the boys had just driven up to unload the wild truck. The driver, Private Carl Marshall of Caruthersville, Missouri, had stayed at the wheel and had steered it in the road till it ran through the town to which we were going, crossed a bridge over a creek, and ran up another hill and

stopped. The stickers, except the driver, claimed they would have left the truck as I did but could not get loose from their packs or unfasten their feet. We all agreed that no such thrills or imminent danger had been experienced in our sixty days at the front. The driver was unhumanly calm in such an experience. He should have been an aviator.—LUTHER L. MUSE, Senath, Mo.

### The Fourth of November

IT happened in the Argonne. I was with the Famous First at the time.

About midnight on September 30th, after a twelve-hour hike over traffic-jammed roads and through muddy fields we dug in on the enemy side of a valley near Charpentry and Very.

On the morning of the 4th we started over. H hour was about 4:30—before daylight, anyway. Sergeant M— said, "All right, fellows, let's go." First through barb wire, then down over a hill and up another. Here we passed up a line of M. P.'s. Across a level stretch, then we stopped and left our blanket rolls (which were somewhat disturbed when we came back that way). It was still pretty foggy when we went through a strip of woods and met up with a part of the 89th or 90th on the other side. They were resting on the side of a steep hill.

"Hey, buddy, how is every little thing?" someone asked.

"Pas bon sector," was the reply. "This is all we have left out of our company." We could not see very many, so thought this must be some place. Over the hill we went into a valley that had only one end. Some of the companies were slow in getting down. .

"Hey, get down off that hill and keep close to me," yelled Major H—. But he was too late—the enemy had located us. Pretty soon shells of all sizes and kinds began to fall around us. We had no comeback, even though we did silence two machine gun nests at this place.

Here is where I got my thrill. We were crouching along in platoon column. I was up near the head with the sergeant and runners. Just then Jerry dropped one of his big ones about twenty feet to the right and at the head of our column. The explosion caused the whole column to drop. Several around me were killed and wounded, but I escaped. For a moment we huddled there dazed. The first-aids from the station in an old stone quarry would try to get out to the wounded and fix them up and quiet their cries of pain. They would run out, some G. I.'s would drop and they would dodge back again.

"Well, boys, we can't stay here," said

Sergeant M.—“Let's get out of this.” He had received two small wounds, but he stayed with us till he got another.

The wounded were cared for finally. We hurried forward to the edge of another patch of woods and dug in.—ELMER O. ATZENHOEFER (*ex-E Co., 28th Inf.*), Akron, O.

### Upsidazy!

**S**AY what you want about the thrills of the trenches, the thrills of submarine warfare, the thrills of cantonment life, I maintain there is one thrill almost every sailor had during the war which he hesitates to declare. Here it is:

Remember the first time you were put on watch in a crow's-nest? Not a battleship cage-mast top, but a crow's-nest, on a transport or patrol boat. Remember how you climbed to the nest, and felt timid doing so, but felt your timidity ooze away as you stood there 'way up above the world, and gradually began to feel superior according to your elevation? And then do you remember when your watch was up, and you were told to go below? And do you remember that the distance down looked ten times the distance up, and the climb out of the nest to the first step of a shroud looked like a mile journey through space?

I do, and that was my greatest thrill of the war.—CHARLES OLIPHANT, *Fort Worth, Tex.*

### Game Called

**W**E were on Vimy Ridge. Across No Man's Land were the Saxons—usually fairly peaceable if nobody bothered them. We certainly weren't hunting for trouble at that particular time, but the weather was fine, the line was quiet, and life was getting monotonous.

Our trench ran right through a patch of huge sugar beets. One unusually dull day some genius suggested that we have some fun with Heinie by making a beet look like a man's head, putting a helmet on it and sticking it over the parapet on top of a bayonet. Just the thing! We followed instructions carefully, and no sooner had the head gone up than zipp, right through it went a German bullet. Again and

again we repeated the experiment, and each time Fritz scored a bull's-eye. It wasn't bad shooting, either, for it was 800 yards from wire to wire.

The news spread up and down the trench. Presently we had a large assemblage in our bay. And right then and there I got a lesson—and a big thrill—that I never forgot. As we were playing with that beet and having a tremendous time there came an ear-splitting explosion from a point about three bays away. It was so loud that it knocked all of the laughter out of us, and we scattered. Heinie's front line had reported to his trench-mortar battery that a crowd had collected at a certain point in the enemy's line, and the battery was giving us a gentle reminder that we'd better behave ourselves.—A. GAVIN, *Kansas City, Mo.*

### His Fib

**T**HE adjutant sent word to come post haste to the office. “My God, old man, they've telephoned from the Base Commandant's office that you're holding up the court! Hurry!” It was 10:15, and the court was to convene at ten, and to hold up a court-martial was a heinous offense calculated to get somebody in bad.

The officer detailed for the proceedings had reported on Monday before and found no court convened. This time it had escaped his mind completely. So he rushed through the streets of the city of Genoa to the office of the Base Commandant, reaching there at 10:25 to meet the stern and rigid countenance of a major who exclaimed from the depths of his throat, “What do you mean by holding up the court?”

Meekly, and with visions of a court-martial for himself, but looking the major straight in the face: “I am very sorry, sir, but my watch has let me down. By my watch it is now five minutes to ten, and I accordingly have five minutes. You see we are very rushed with work, short of staff, and I stayed on, giving myself barely time to reach here on time, sir.”

It washed. On the way down, as the officer ran, he had set back his watch one-half hour.—C. R. BIRD, *Capt., R. A. M. C., Greensburg, Ind.*

## Selecting a War Memorial

(Continued from page 8)

supervisors, aided by a few war veterans. This is not strictly logical. You may be deeply interested in the health of your child, but unless you are a medical man you will not be of much use in a serious illness. When a bridge or tunnel is to be built we consult engineers, not dentists or school superintendents. If a department store is to be stocked the proprietor asks a merchant's advice, not that of an automobile dealer. Yet the average automobile dealer knows as much about calico as the average county supervisor or war veteran knows about buying works of art.

Usually the first step of a board of supervisors toward erecting a soldiers' memorial is to advertise for designs. Sculptors and architects seldom respond, for reasons which I will discuss later, but into the breach press the dealers in granite and bronze armed with large bunches of designs.

Why consult architects or sculptors? Here are ready-made pictures of monuments, all duly labeled and numbered, at prices ranging from \$1,800 to \$50,000. Why consult a regular physician when you can buy patent medicines put up in bottles at twenty-five cents or at two-fifty, as suits your purse?

The monument jobbers have been on the watch for such an opportunity. They send forth glib agents, each bearing, like a Roman lictor, bundles of rods bound together. These consist of large drawings made by that useful mechanical process known as the air brush, mounted on linen and attached like maps to rollers. These are unfurled and displayed.

Designs Nos. 6A, B and C perhaps show simple obelisks of varying heights. Design No. 10B may be a shaft surmounted by a soldier at parade rest or advancing with fixed bayonet. There are perhaps a score of designs



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lines and forms designed by an artist would the boulder be lifted into the realm of fine art.

He would not be a party to the scheme of placing a memorial on a certain site simply to help boom a real estate development. Instead of approving of that doughboy at parade rest, or of that one who holds up a hand grenade as though he had found a gold nugget (ordered by number from the catalogue), he would give the committee the names of sculptors, of artists, whose past performances would be a proof of their ability to create a work of art which would live.

Should it be necessary to let the contracts for a memorial by competition, he would be the one to draw up the necessary program and conduct the competition according to definite lines laid down by the National Sculptors' Society.

I don't want to discuss the subject of competitions at length, but I do want to emphasize what I have just said. Reputable artists will not enter competitions unless they are conducted according to well established rules. Many a committee has become entangled by obtaining designs from several artists, letting each man think that he was the only one consulted, but actually holding a kind of informal competition among them. Reputable men will not be a party to such a scheme.

A competition is most likely to be successful when a certain number of artists are invited to compete and are offered a substantial honorarium covering their expenses. It is not possible to give a definite estimate of the cost of producing a competitive design and sketch models for a monument, but for a thirty or forty thousand dollar memorial the expense of each competitor will easily reach five hundred dollars, exclusive of his time. A competition which does not guarantee that his time and effort will not be wasted, no matter who wins the competition, is not likely to interest the successful artist.

An expert advisor would not only steer a committee through the difficulties of such a competition, but by his

presence would assure competitors of competent artistic judgment. One of the reasons that able artists do not often enter competitions is because they know that their designs are likely to be judged by a committee blatantly ignorant of what constitutes a good design. It is the kind of committee that is such an easy mark for the monument jobber's agent with his standardized models.

I would like to suggest in passing that American Legion posts which are looking about for ways to help their communities might work for the appointment of permanent art commissions, provided of course that there are men and women in the community competent to serve on such a commission. There is frankly a terrific amount of atrocious art in our country, but there is less because some cities have created competent commissions whose word is final on the choice of all municipal art.

Let us get together and save our country from the atrocities of the past. We must remember this: A public monument is not a personal or private affair; generations to come must live with it, and if we do not obtain and apply the best talent available, we shall be guilty of an everlasting offense against posterity.

"An artist, I confess, is not certain to make a success of such a task," says a writer in the *American Magazine of Art*. "But he is the only one from whom success may be expected. Even more than in other kinds of work, from war to dressmaking, we may safely depend where art is concerned only upon the trained mind and the trained hand."

I have mentioned but a few of the ways in which an advisor can be helpful; but the part which the layman should perform on the memorial committee can be completely stated in the foregoing words:

"Where art is concerned depend only upon the trained mind and the trained hand."

(In a second article in a succeeding issue Mr. Aitken will discuss memorial sites.)

## This Fascisti Business

(Continued from page 6)

desperate. She hung over the abyss; and her people, blind to their obligations, permitted a government in its dotage to do nothing. The Fascisti ended all that. They employed some extreme methods—there were brutal murders for which no one was brought to trial, there were beatings and burnings—but they fought in the open.

They sing of youth, because the one hope of Italy is rejuvenation. She has a name for rising again. They pretend that they are Romans, because all Italians respect that name, and glory in their descent. The strutting of Mussolini was never like the bombast of D'Annunzio. There was some point to it.

Only the thing went too far. There was a brave fight for Donna Italia, and the Fascisti won. The Communist menace was scotched. In Milan, Turin and Trieste—the worst large towns—not a red flag could appear; not a Communist dared speak in public. It was a moment for amnesty and elections, for most of the workmen had been forced into Communism. But while at

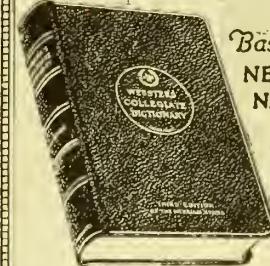
home the Fascisti feted their victory by further bloodletting, abroad they went to the pains of giving Jugoslavia a hint of danger to come.

Jugoslavia is populated by fighting men and their mothers and sisters. In America Jugoslavs become miners because they are built like excavators. They don't really love work, but, Lord! how they do hanker after a scrap. History has not been ungenerous to them in this respect.

Such are the people who for over four years have submitted to every form of insult from their bigger, richer and better equipped neighbor, Italy. When the Italians began seizing Jugoslav territory that was vital to Jugoslavia, many officers in the Jugoslav army tugged at the leash. "One Serb is good for ten Italians," they argued. But the government said, "No, we must negotiate," and negotiate they did. Thanks to Italy's trouble at home, Belgrade secured the Rapallo treaty and the pact of Santa Margherita, which, though they favored Italy somewhat, were more than Jugoslavia had ex-

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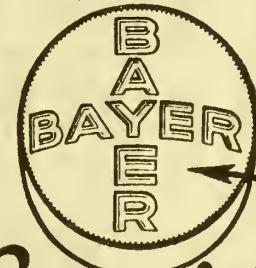
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pected. Then came the Fascista victory, and Fascista influence in Rome. The Italian parliament was no longer willing to ratify the pact. And meanwhile the Fascisti, like their comic fore-runner, D'Annunzio, swooped down on Fiume, shelled it from an Italian warship and drove out the decentest government that it had had since the Armistice. The Fascisti speak of this treaty violation as the "Revolution of 1922."

So the movement that brought relief to Italy gave chains to Fiume and alarm to Jugoslavia. The Fascisti are still in the town, busily dosing its more public-spirited citizens with castor oil. Local physicians protested against this method of treatment; drug stores complained that they could not meet the demand. Meanwhile Hungary's erstwhile best port is without shipping. Jugoslavia will not let goods pass until Italy keeps her plighted word. The Fascisti will not let their opponents work on the docks, and as everyone is their opponent, and as the Fascisti don't swing a very mean crate themselves, no work is done.

On a wall overlooking the silent business street, like a grim commentary on the silence, somebody once painted "Fiume or Death!" Only the last word is visible today: "Death!" Fiume is dead and the Fascisti killed her.

Then came the coup which made Mussolini premier. It was burlesque, in that it was illegal but that no firm resistance was made. Imagine The American Legion marching on Washington. The Fascisti marched. Then they returned to their homes with black banners, seized all the public buildings and shouted, "Long Live the King!" Some troops lost their heads and fired, but mostly they handed over their carbines. The King saw the writing on the wall, and he yielded.

At first it looked as if all would be safe on the frontiers. The Fascisti who had mobilized there to watch Austria and Jugoslavia went home, and Belgrade papers spoke well—after government hints—of Mussolini. He seemed to justify their opinion of him by his new attitude toward Fiume. Some young Fascisti had raided across the border, seized a Jugoslav flag and burned it. Mussolini ordered another flag made and returned with apologies, and he even sent the youngsters to jail. When a handful of firebrand Arditi—some of D'Annunzio's—grabbed the Jugoslav club in Fiume, the government got them out by a clever trick. Mussolini was learning that while an editor might call for a "strong" policy abroad, the premier of the nation must walk with caution.

But there were people behind Mussolini who did not want caution. They wanted Greater Italy, and they had hoisted Mussolini into the saddle for that purpose. So the sabre had to be clanked, and Jugoslavia, weary of patience, began to mobilize certain classes.

If the Fascisti had only stayed at home! But like Pussyfoot Johnson and all enthusiasts, they had no sooner seen their cause triumphant at home than they set out to spread the gospel to all people. They took it into Bavaria, just where they shouldn't have taken it. In Bavaria Communism was not a danger. Fascism was. Every energy of the Bavarians should have been bent to working their way through the winter without much coal or bread. But Fascism turned their attentions to Jew-baiting. Mussolini had never disgraced Fascism at home by anti-Semitism, but in Hungary, as well as Bavaria, that was the form that Fascism took.

There was a tactical reason for carrying Fascism to Hungary. That country is the enemy of Jugoslavia and her allies, Czecho-Slovakia and Rumania. Italy has coqueted for years with the Hungarians, and now she is drawing tighter the bond between the two countries, providing against the war which she foresees.

Then, too, the Fascisti are intriguing in Montenegro. They receive fugitives from that country who can be trusted to plot with their friends at home against Jugoslavia. And at Ancona there is a bureau whose business it is to watch the Jugoslavs in Dalmatia.

Even in Ireland the Fascisti are trying to organize branches. There they have met with a real check, for both sides claim to be the true government and neither will tolerate a third party.

There are signs that Italy herself is wearying of Fascism. Sardinia has virtually revolted against it, and elsewhere people are tiring of violence when the need for it seems past. Workmen of dubious character have been paid to march with the Black Shirts, to counterbalance the Communist workers. Jugoslavs in Trieste and Fiume claim that they have to pay tribute in order to stay and carry on business. And somewhere deep hidden in the Fascisti organism is a band called "Knights of Death," whose crimes the Fascio disavows.

In mediæval Italian cities history was a see-sawing—into power and out—of two hostile factions. Blood was spilled; neither side gained real advantage, and in the end Italy was ruined for hundreds of years. Will the modern Communists strike back some day? May not the war of Fascisti and Communists be like the wars of Guelfs and Ghibellines?

If there is any moral to draw—and morals are not safe when we write of our own times—it is that private citizens can not usurp the government's functions without weakening respect for all government. If the time comes when private citizens must act, they must lay down their arms as soon as order is restored. If they remain in arms and power, like the Praetorian Guards of Rome, they court their own ruin and ultimately that of their country.

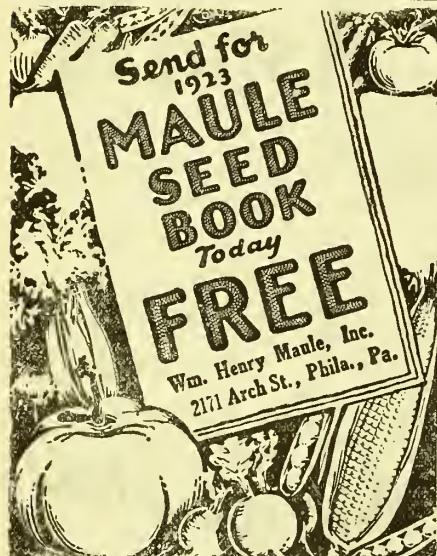
## The Memoirs of an M. P.

(Continued on page 11)

order. They were giving our plunging nags the rifle butt and the boot in the ribs with cheerful and workmanlike precision. I do not know how the colonel vs. major argument came out. The surrounding country was too rapidly becoming covered with flying

horses madly pursued by the military police. The only touch needed to attain the perfection of chaos was for the doughboys to open fire on us. Why they refrained is one of the unsolved mysteries of the war.

Eventually there came the time when



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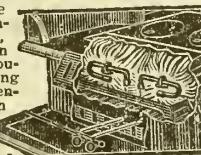
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we boarded the transport. There the luck held and we found ourselves doing guard duty, which gave us the run of the decks. Not for us sleeping in the stuffy fastnesses of the hold along with two thousand other troops. We found ourselves cosy nooks and crannies on the upper decks where the breezes blew cool. All night long, I remember, you could hear the patter of feet along the decks as honest sailors routed the military police out of lifeboats and other favorite gobs' sleeping places and chased them around with knives.

Candidly, I don't believe I'm giving away any military secrets when I say that the life of an M. P. had its advantages other than permission to stay out all night in the rain and bark at moving troops. As a guardian of law and order you learned so much on duty that helped you to enjoy yourself when off. You found out how far you could go and get away with it. Which brings to mind at this moment the case in our outfit of the ambitious private first-class who lied himself to Aix-les-Bains as one of the chaperons of a leave detail.

"What kind of people did you meet?" we inquired of him as he sat shirt-sleeved, hob-nailed and comfortable in the billet the night of his return.

"The duchess was great," he remarked casually, opening a tin of willie with a hatchet. The merry raspberry bloomed at once.

"I always thought I'd like to be an officer," he explained in an injured tone when the mirth had subsided. "So I borrowed a Q. M. first looey's rig from a friend of mine I found down there and went into society. A real duchess gave a luncheon in a palace and I went and sat between the A. P. M. and the R. T. O. Good scouts they were, so I told them they were handling things very neatly at Aix and they seemed

## How Now, Iowa!

The week's lap in the Weekly subscription card race February 28th saw Nebraska step up from ninth position and quietly but firmly displace the tall corn contingent from fifth place. That change also moved Indiana, Rhode Island and Kansas down a peg. Vermont jumped from thirty-eighth to twenty-fifth place—not bad for one week's effort. Where is your department in the following standing of all departments, based on proportion of 1923 cards received to total 1922 membership? How does it compare with its standing on February 28th of last year, based on the same ratio?

	1923	1922	1923	1922
1 Georgia	.... 37	25	Vermont	.... 26
2 Idaho	.... 33	26	Texas	.... 24
3 S. Dakota	.... 18	27	Maryland	.... 21
4 Illinois	.... 34	28	California	.... 36
5 Nebraska	.... 1	29	Montana	.... 31
6 Iowa	.... 7	30	S. Carolina	.... 39
7 Indiana	.... 13	31	Ohio	.... 5
8 Rhode Island	.... 12	32	Wyoming	.... 23
9 Kansas	.... 20	33	Virginia	.... 32
10 Utah	.... 17	34	Washington	.... 45
11 N. Hampshire	.... 19	35	Massachusetts	.... 44
12 Maine	.... 30	36	W. Virginia	.... 40
13 Arizona	.... 47	37	N. Carolina	.... 15
14 Colorado	.... 35	38	Alabama	.... 22
15 Delaware	.... 38	39	Michigan	.... 28
16 Penna	.... 16	40	Oregon	.... 25
17 Minnesota	.... 3	41	Mississippi	.... 29
18 New York	.... 42	42	Missouri	.... 14
19 Wisconsin	.... 11	43	Kentucky	.... 10
20 N. Dakota	.... 4	44	New Jersey	.... 46
21 Oklahoma	.... 2	45	Nevada	.... 48
22 Tennessee	.... 27	46	New Mexico	.... 6
23 Connecticut	.... 41	47	Florida	.... 9
24 Arkansas	.... 8	48	D. C.	.... 49
	19 Louisiana	.... 43		

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pleased. After luncheon I met the inspecting colonel from G. H. Q. who was at the doings as the guest of honor and signed my name in the duchess's visitor's book. I guess the folks at home'll be pleased about my promotion. Easy? The next time I go on leave I'm going to be a captain. I'm tired of this business of being ranked."

We found out later from the rest of the leave crowd that he spoke the truth. He had, they said, been careful to return their salutes in a military manner while a lieutenant in Aix. I rather imagine that in the next war that young man will drift down to the recruiting station wearing acorns and enlist as a major.

But in winter billets was where we M. P.'s shone in our glory, armbands and gats on or off. We were split up two and two, and sent around to various villages to do the town constable act, far, far from our headquarters and attached to infantry, artillery and sanitary train alike. To be candid, I cannot recall our coming ever being received with cheers. But at all events we were comfortable. I know I spent the winter in a large, cheerful room with white bearskins on its waxed floor, a full-length mirror and electric lights over the bed that worked—occasionally. Again I say don't shoot. I am afraid you were probably in a barn. But when the gravy is handed to you on a platter, take it, is my advice.

Of course, we popped out at all hours of the night on wild alarms. Every time a cow kicked against the wall in one of those combined stable-and-home cottages the good madame would think it was a burglar and send for the military police. But the best alarm I can recall was the village fire where, as local M. P., I spent the wee, small hours keeping the crowd back while an artillery battery wrestled with the flames.

The French pompier blew his fearful blast in the square, the redlegs rushed out the French fire engine and a sterling, half-clad Yank bucket brigade passed the pails from the well to the troughs of the dizzy old engine. Remember the kind where you poured water into its side-scoops and a whole mob got on the pump handles and saved like mad to make its hose spout?

I'll say our hardy artillery pumped. The cottage seemed in danger of being saved when the well went dry, and the

soldiery sat down to smoke and wonder if the loyal villagers would break out the cognac after the excitement was over. Then came a wild hurrah. Another well had been found and the bucket brigade once more was splashing water furiously into the pump troughs.

"Where in blinking blazes are the pump handles?" howled the topkick to his crew of pumpers. A bulky form in blue uniform and helmet answered him. It was the local fire department, bugle and all.

"I have hid ze poomp handles," he announced craftily. "You poomp so hard you will break zem."

The fire department spoke the truth; he had concealed them well. The only thing that saved the entire street from the flames was the fact that French houses have two-foot-thick stone walls and tiled roofs, so the fire stayed in the house of its origin and burned that down. They don't give Croix de Guerres to M. P.'s, but just the same, that night I saved a Frenchman's life. I told the pompier to go home in a hurry.

Now that it is all over I wonder did I gain from my experiences as an M. P. in the great army of Baker's Best anything of direct benefit to me in my present civilian career? Truthfully, I shall say that I did. Watching the dawn coming rosily up over snow-clad barracks roofs and rows of tents; informing careless privates, sergeants, lieutenants and even majors to "button that there button"; listening to the dull bang-slammimg of barrages on crossroads; jotting down the names of high-spirited young men found in cafés at the wrong hours—such things aren't of much lasting use.

But today I think that I can weather the severest frown. My boss in the office doesn't give me nearly so nasty a glance as did many a doughboy buck that I remember. Little in my life are the missiles hurled at my derby-hatted head by urchins after a snowfall—once I expected bricks. The gruff "move on" of the policeman keeping the lines at a parade or a fire means nothing to me—I used to say it myself. Having been an M. P. rather enables one to put up with the little stings of the world and glower sternly back.

All right—I'm through. And now, boys, you can let it go, all together:

"Who won the war?"

## \$50,000 for Tuberculous Wanderers

THE American Legion, through its National Service Division, is undertaking the humanitarian task of assisting hundreds of service men suffering with tuberculosis who are at present destitute in towns of the Southwest, with no immediate prospect of obtaining financial relief from the Government. The Legion's effort will be based on a survey recently completed by Claude J. Harris, director of the Legion's National Service Division, and William J. McGinley, supreme secretary of the Knights of Columbus, as a result of which the Knights of Columbus has set aside a fund of \$50,000 to be used in the relief work.

The need for outside assistance in the towns of Arizona and Colorado and other Southwestern States has arisen because of the large numbers of tuberculous service men who have gone to these States in the belief that the dry

climate will arrest the progress of their disease or result in a permanent cure. Local posts of the Legion in these States have cared for these suffering men from other States to the limit of their finances. In many cases tuberculous service men from distant States, having no financial resources, have taken their families with them to Arizona and Colorado.

A pathetic side to this situation is the fact that a great many of the men who have made heavy monetary sacrifices to go to Colorado and Arizona might better have remained in their former homes, for physicians are largely agreed that climate is largely a secondary consideration in the care and treatment of tuberculosis. Good home conditions and proper food, for instance, outrank climate as factors tending toward recovery. And a considerable number of the patients finding

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If you do not know where to pay your dues, you can join the Post of Wandering Sons. If you are completely out of touch with your own Post, now located in a different locality, continually on the go, and unable at the present time to become a member of a more settled organization, you should by all means join the Post of Wandering Sons. If you are a stranger in a strange town, join the Post of Wandering Sons. If you intend to shortly move from your present location, join the Post of Wandering Sons and get a transfer at any time in the year.

Its members are scattered all over the world. They are men who do not wish to be backsliders on the Legion roster. They are the men who wish to carry their share of the Legion burden and fight their share of the Legion fight, but are not situated where they can join a Post. The Post of Wandering Sons has been chartered for just such men as these. If you are one of those chaps who has no Post to join and no club house in which to hang your hat, by all means send in this coupon today. It is also probable that you are reading the Weekly and have never joined a Post. You may be a new member. If you are, be sure to send in the coupon just the same, giving us your full war history to prove eligibility.

It will cost you \$5.00. Here's the coupon. Clip it. Don't wait. This advertisement may not appear again.

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OR I am a new member and am attaching my army history:

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themselves in the Southwest under strange conditions develop homesickness, and find themselves unable to obtain necessary food and shelter. Their condition is thus harmed rather than bettered.

A large percentage of the service men with tuberculosis in the Southwest can not obtain compensation from the Government for the reason that their disability developed later than the two-year time limit after their discharge from service. Active pulmonary tuberculosis developing within two years after discharge from service has been officially presumed to be of service origin. Tuberculosis developing after two years from the time of separation from the service has ordinarily been deemed due to non-service causes. The American Legion has long contended that this provision of the law is unfair. For the past several years the Legion has been endeavoring to have the law amended so that pulmonary tuberculosis developing within five years of date of discharge shall be presumed of service origin. The bill which would make this regulation effective is now before Congress, and all Legion agencies are working to secure its passage.

## The Legion Flower

(Continued from page 9)

must be removed. Plant the seeds rather thickly, because not all of them sprout. After they are well started, however, you must thin them out. If you don't thin them, you will have no blooms worth speaking of. It takes some courage to pull up and throw away a nice plant, but it must be done. When the plants are large enough so you can tell which are going to be the biggest and strongest, pull up all but these best ones, leaving no more than one plant every five or six inches. Then, if your bed is well and deeply manured, you'll have a wonderful show of blossoms. It is a good thing a couple of weeks before the plants bloom to scratch a bit of nitrate of soda into the earth around them, before a rain, and when they bud to pour on some manure water, or scratch in some soot stolen from the chimney.

If you have never watched a poppy unfold, you have missed a rare treat. One day the green bud hangs downward on the stem. The next morning, at sunrise, it is erect, and just a touch of color shows at the tip of the bud. The sun rises over the dewy garden. Its rays strike the green-cased bud. Suddenly, right before your eyes, the petals burst the green shell, push outward, uncurl, flutter, and thin as tissue paper, soft and gleaming as finest silk, they become a perfect flower as you watch. When a whole bed is full of them, there is no more lovely sight.

After the poppies have started to bloom, you can select two or three of your best plants of each variety for next year's seeds, and let them flower out and ripen. The rest of the plants you should keep after with a pair of shears, and as soon as a flower drops its petals, cut the head off. By doing that, you will keep the plant in bloom for two or three weeks, and with a succession of plantings in your bed you can have blossoms for two months. The plants you keep for seed bearers should be left alone until the heads are thoroughly dry and rattle. Then, just before they curl over to spill their seeds

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on the ground, cut the heads off and shake the dry seeds into a tin box, labeling it for next year.

Now, a word about the Oriental poppies. I myself like best the type flower—the standard orange flame color. The reds and pinks are not nearly so handsome. This plant is a perennial. Sow the seed in a seed bed in spring, and the next spring move the plants into the center of your poppy bed. They will bear huge blooms, six inches across, the second year, and will go on living and making larger plants for many years to come. They can, of course, be put in other parts of the garden, too. For that matter, so can any poppies.

If you have a front walk leading up to your house, with beds on either side of it, you could border that path with the Legion flower. You could plant it, too, along the edge of your vegetable garden. Out in Oregon, Washington and California you can even plant it in the lawn, and it will send up scattered blossoms. In the Eastern States, however, you will find it will thrive only in rather carefully cultivated soil. But once you have raised it, anywhere, you can always, from a few plants, collect enough seed to plant twice as many the next year. Fifty cents invested now, and a little time getting the ground ready, will give you the scarlet Legion poppy for as many years as you can use a spade and a rake. It is a lovely flower, and it is a flower that is full of memories for millions of Americans. It ought to be in the garden of every Legion man who has a garden. And if he once puts it there, I feel pretty sure he will not stop with this one variety, but will grow other poppies, too, and make a bright pattern of color and silken, delicate beauty beside his home.

## A MEMBER OF THIS HOME

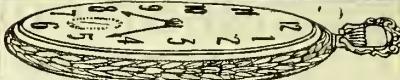


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W.H.

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THE EDITORIAL STAFF

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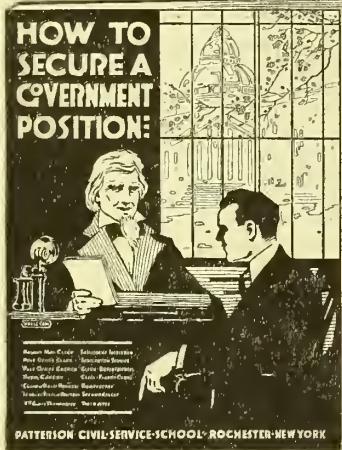
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